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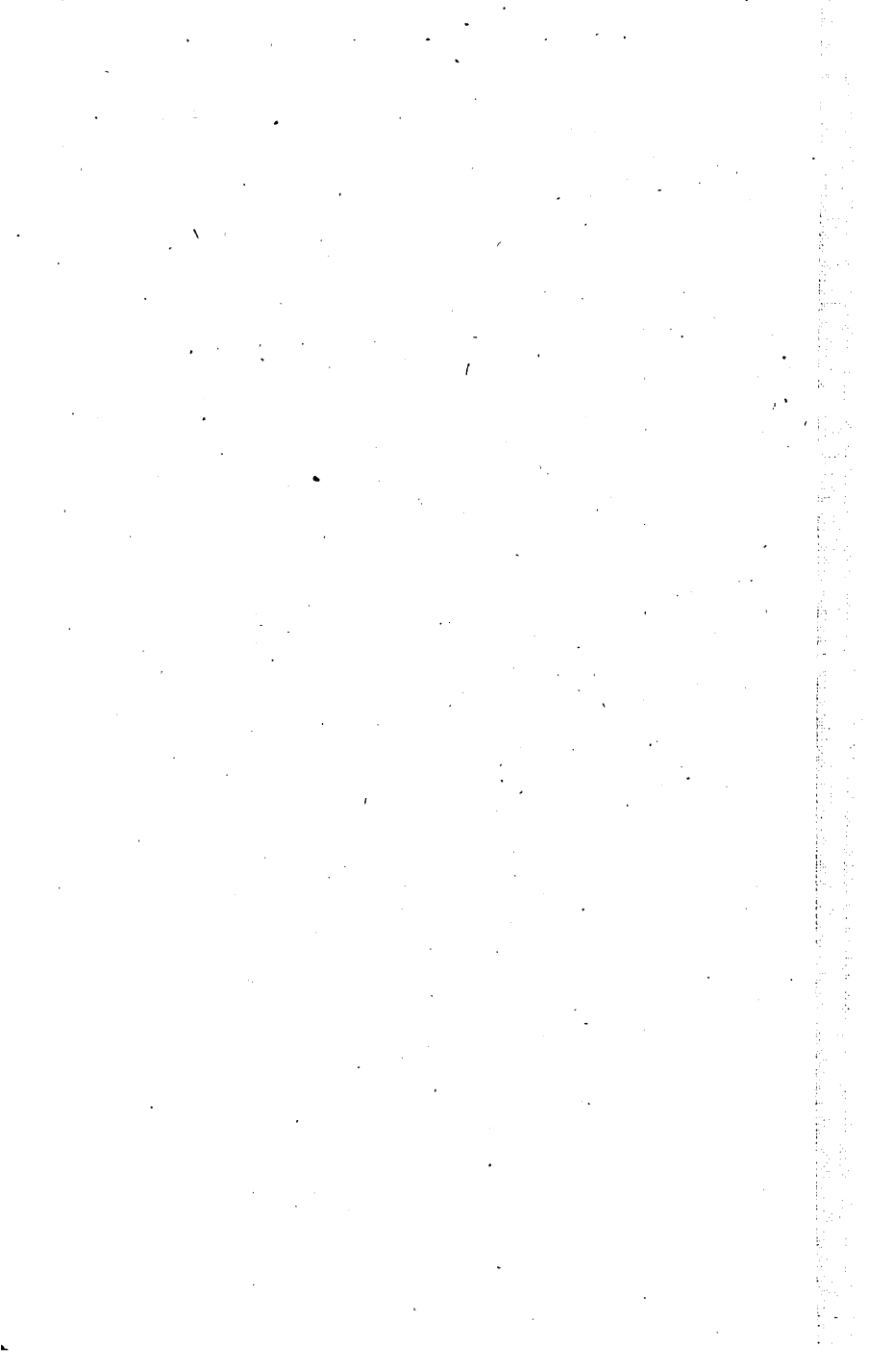
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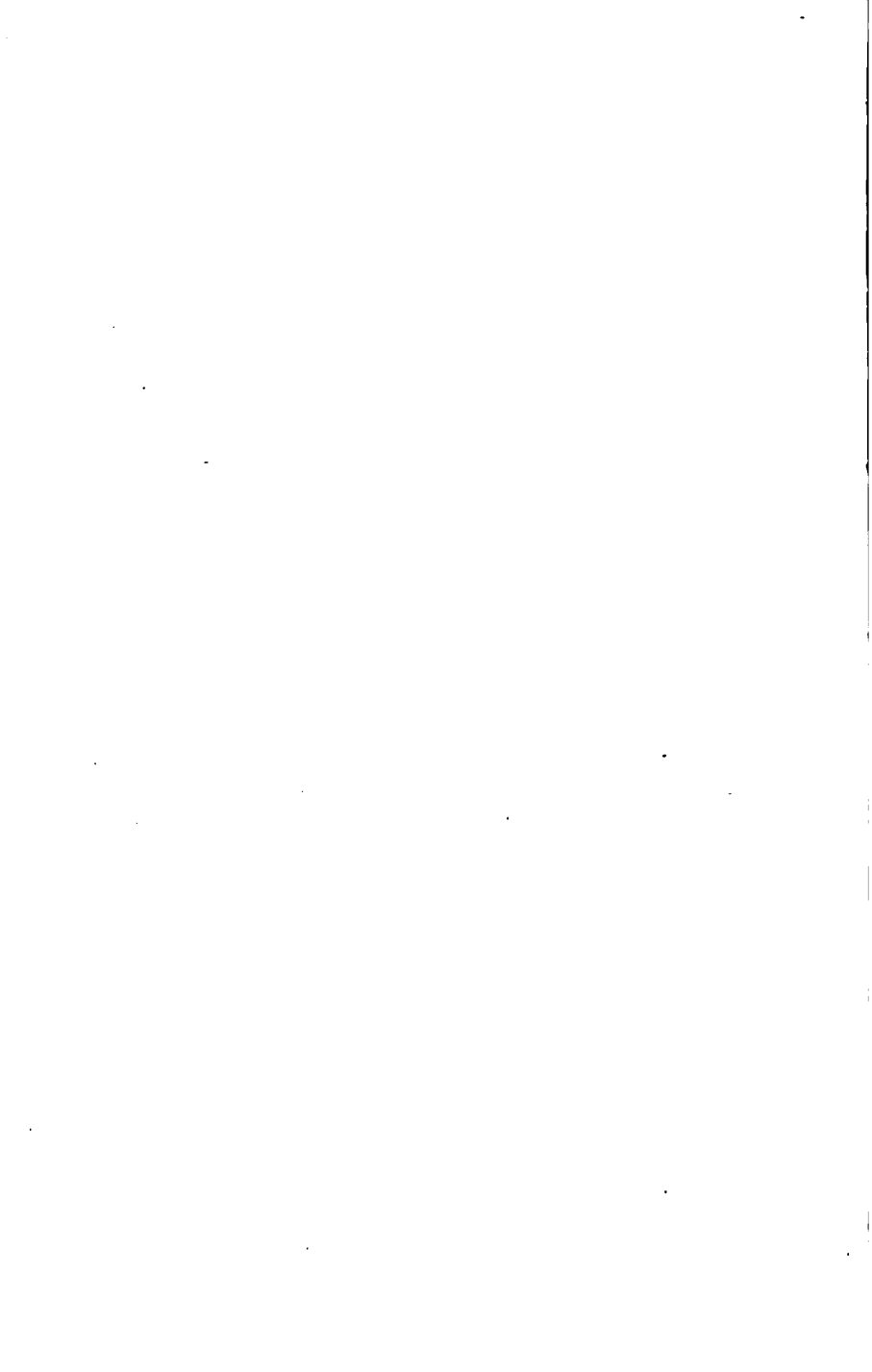


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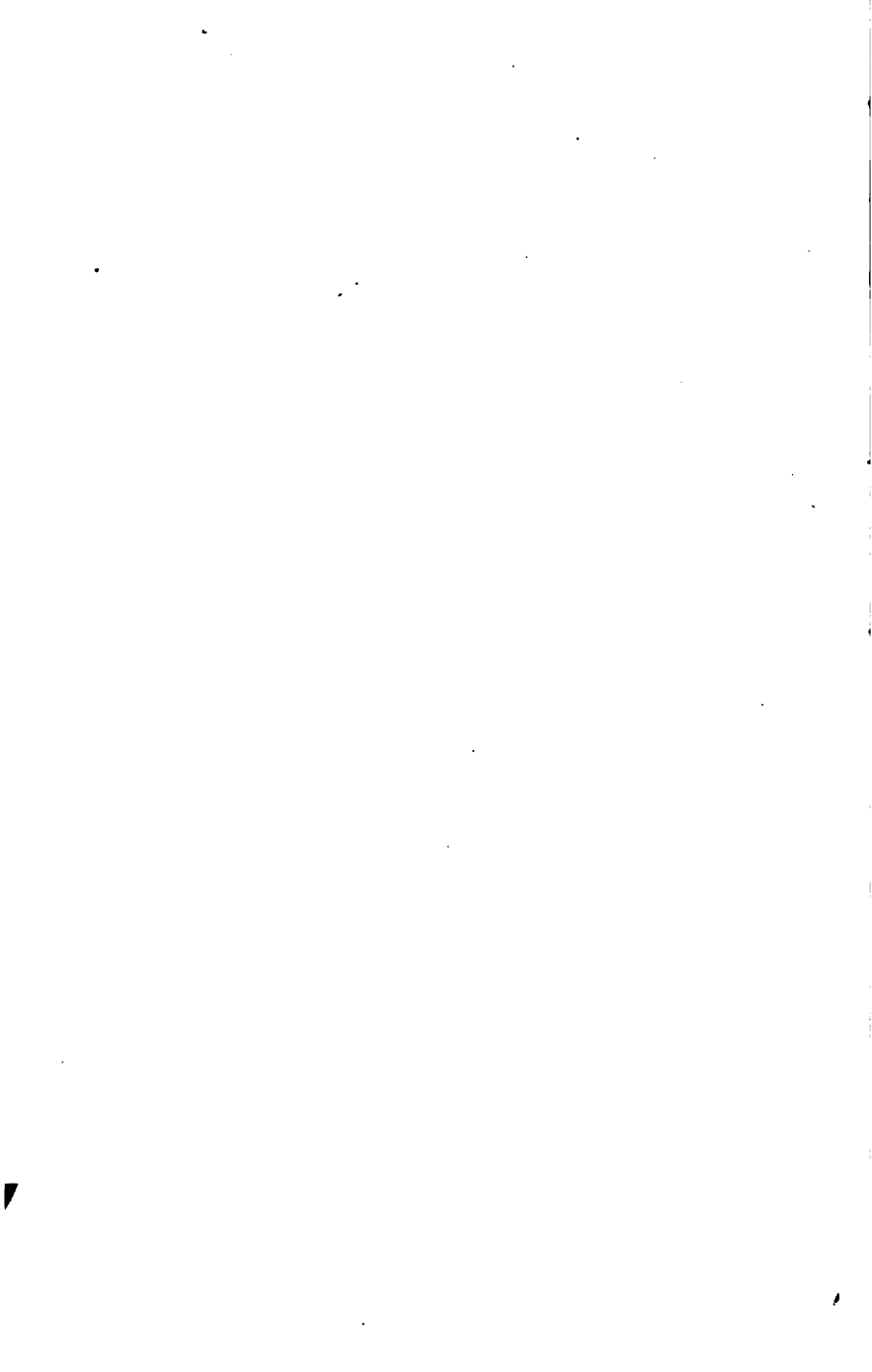
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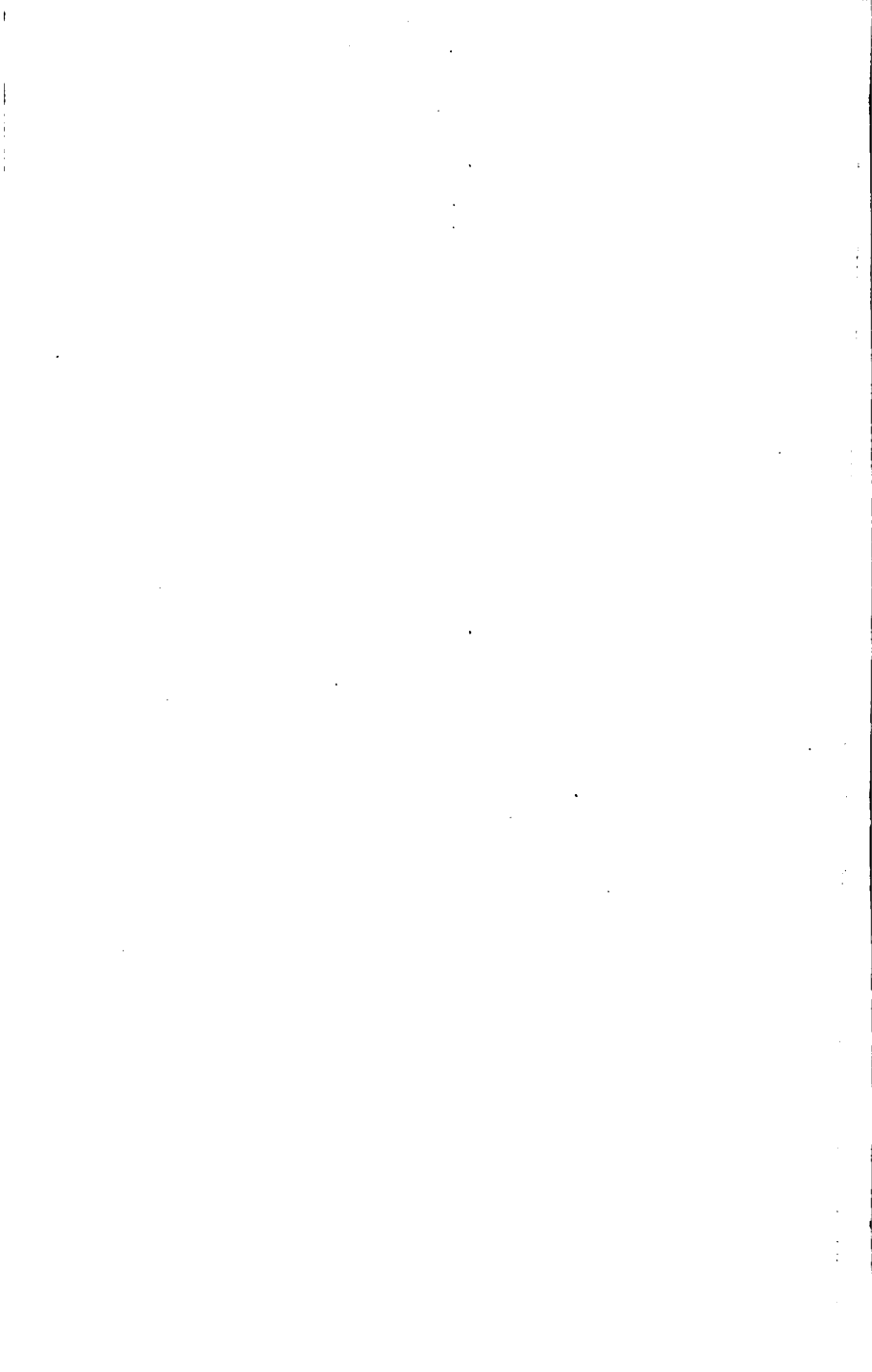


I

Certain Sociologists and the Anglo-Saxons

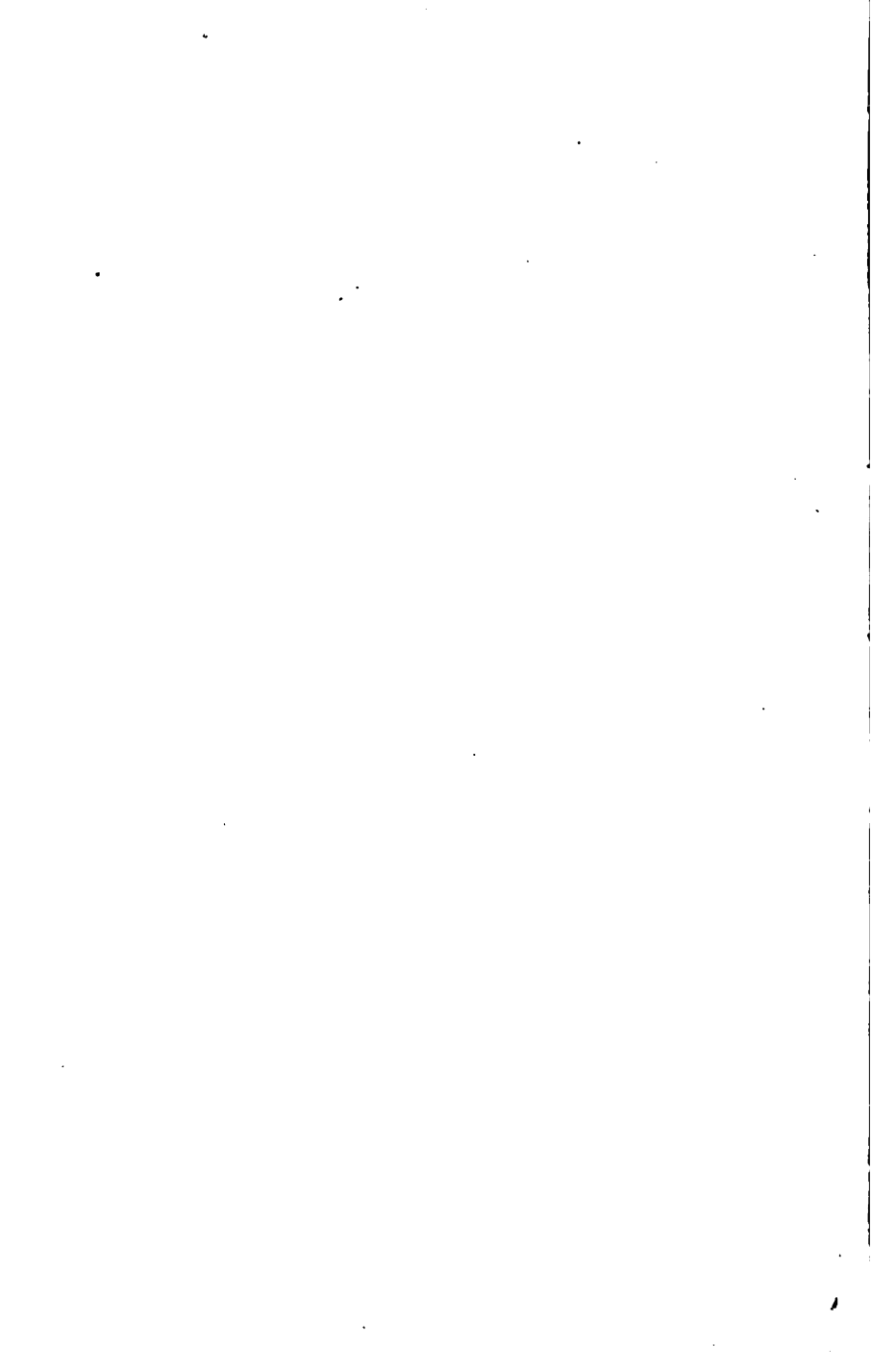
THE Anglo-Saxon is at this moment in an enviable position: he holds the centre of the stage. He is a large figure, and he fills a great deal of space. No wide political combination dares to set itself afoot in the civilized world without reckoning with him. No student concerned with social values and tendencies can hazard a speculation without an eye upon his course and the promise of his development. Something like a specific literature is growing up around him. And, in many respects, it is an extremely suggestive literature. It often fails to tell us, in clear terms, how and why the Anglo-Saxons have come to be just what and just where they are. But it throws certain revealing flashes of light into the obscurities of those general social questions which press upon the world's attention.

As a matter of fact the English-speaking peoples exhibit at the present some very remarkable phenomena. They are phenomena not shown by their neighbors, or not shown in anything like the same

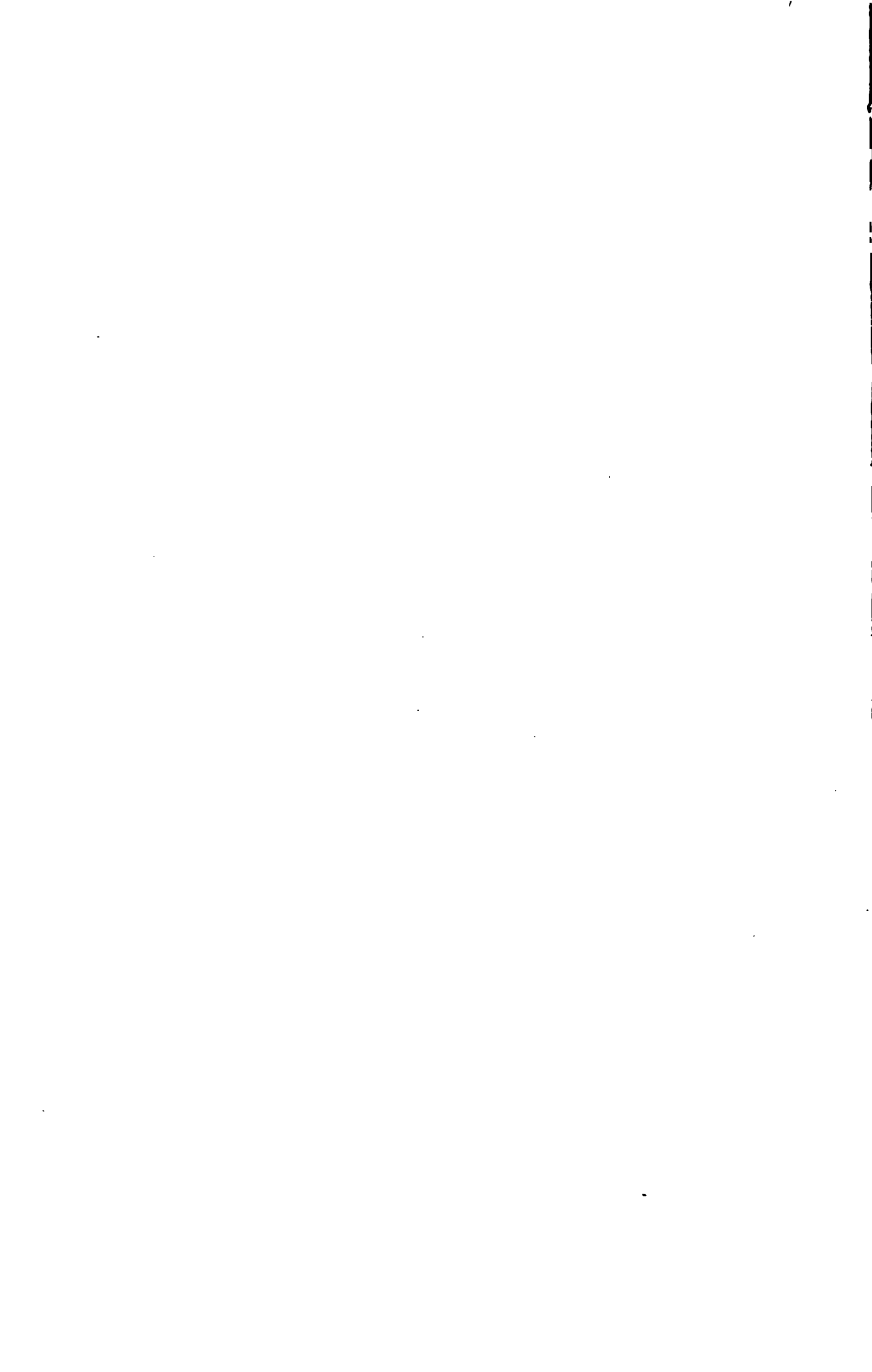


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expressed themselves most effectively, and by teaching that such expression was a service rendered to all mankind.

What we have amongst the Saxons now we have had at different periods throughout the course of history. Sometimes a nation has felt itself chosen to bring intellectual enlightenment to the world; sometimes it has believed that its vocation was to enforce order and law; sometimes it has thought that its faith made it a great teacher of religion.

The Greeks had no mean opinion of themselves in their day. Occasionally you will stumble upon a word, a tone, in an Italian peasant—perhaps the tone in which he pronounces the word *ignorante* in judgment of some foreigner—that seizes you as you are seized when your boot strikes against a bit of mosaic or fine marble in the rubbish of a ruin: the word and tone are similar survivals from a great past, the great past of the little Republics that gave their Revival of Learning, and their arts and letters, and their standard of taste, to all Europe, and civilized outside and barbarian nations. What Frenchmen accomplished in the seventeenth century made them in turn the “great nation;” a great nation inspired by a truly magnificent ideal of knight-errantry for humanity, of fighting in the front for its battles of the mind, of furthering generous and perhaps impossible causes. Whatever the es-

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pecial socializing design of which these peoples have known themselves to be the instrument, its effect upon their temper has always been the same. They have been intoxicated by the lust of power, and filled with their distinction as with sacred fire.

At this crisis there is little that a people cannot do. It matters not at all how much it may be the victim of illusion, nor how much it exaggerates its rôle. Englishmen and Americans are now precisely in the mood in which all the great peoples have found themselves when they pressed triumphantly the imprint of their thoughts, their customs, their ideals, on the rest of civilization, and changed the political surface of the globe.

It matters not at all how much illusion exaggerates the rôle? Why, the exaggeration helps, it furthers. Illusions, in certain contingencies, are immense reservoirs of force. There is a consciousness which remains outside of the racial enthusiasms that put so potent a shoulder to the wheel of life. This consciousness sees the illusion, but it also recognizes its serviceableness. The logic of the present-day Saxon, by which he derives his material prosperity from the advanced state of his moral nature, is a false logic. But nothing could serve his purpose half so well as to be wrong at this vital point.

Is our moral nature then not advanced? It is ad-

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vanced; but not to the degree thought of, not to the extent commonly held. And furthermore it is, with such kind of advancement as it has, largely the result of certain other factors which have set all the energies of the English-speaking nations in motion. We are what we are in consequence of those factors. It is not our moral nature that has made us successful, in other words, but, in a very great measure, our success that has given us the sort of moral nature that we possess.

The great factor of social life is social desire. The sociologists have come to that conclusion after discarding the Spencerian view, which regarded human society as a biological organism. Biological and physiological laws certainly operate in human society, but they are the basis of a world of psychic movements, of mental suggestions, which is the true world of the social life of man, and which is a large enough world, and one important and complicated enough, to be studied in and by itself. In that world desires arise which, when once they have become established and ingrained by custom and heredity in a group of people, "are the motive forces of the economic world. According to their varying numbers, intensities, and forms, are shaped the outward activities of men and the myriad phases of industry and trade," . . . and of arts, institutions, and ethics, Professor Giddings might have added, if those further departments of

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life had been within the scope of his purpose at the moment.

Now the physical environment in which the Anglo-Saxon people came gradually to the form and stature which it wears to-day did not, we may be sure, result directly, without any intermediary agent, in giving it strong feelings of altruism, and a great wish to see all men enjoying, so far as natural disabilities might permit, equal advantages. There were links by which primary causes—causes of climate; of physical structure; of constitution;—passed into such psychic effects. The little Saxon peasant who settled on the soil of England had learned in the forests and marshes of his early home to toil and delve, and wrench by sheer determination an unwilling sustenance from a niggard land and climate. Along with this habit of activity, he had that, further, of taking a compensating solace under his own roof-tree, and, with Teutonic independence, allowing no one and nothing to interfere with the liberties of his person there. The direct outgrowth of these first habits seems to have been a desire for being bodily comfortable as the result of his labor.

And that desire proves itself, by all the facts of his later history, to have been essentially the dominating and shaping desire of his life.

Of course there are those who may agree that the English-speaking peoples are materially-minded, and

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who yet may remark that it does not signify whether they are or not, since, through the manifold intricate processes of faithfully and eagerly pursuing their earthly affairs, they have issued into a state of prosperity which shows that such pursuit is just what Providence demands and is ready to reward. Mr. Mallock, speaking after the fashion of science, would declare that evolution—"the orderly sequence of unintended results"—had sanctified the wisdom of their practical view of life. It might be said that one must never again speak slightly of material instincts, of a liking for good food, and good clothes, and a good home, since, provided one have the love of action which makes the hard work necessary for the obtaining of these things not too desperately irksome, there may grow out of such instincts ideals of duty toward one's fellow-creatures, which are like a revelation directly from on high, and which lift up the Anglo-Saxon as a beacon light to humanity.

Yes, this might be said. And still the truth about the English-speaking peoples cannot be stated otherwise than that the original factor of their ascent to a predominant position in the world has been that keen and immediate feeling for physical convenience which results in what Professor Marshall, properly capitalizing the words, calls a Standard of Comfort. If the Standard of Comfort—"a high standard as to those

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material comforts which can be obtained only by unremitting, hard work" — has led them by subtle paths to a high conception of ethics, it is a mystery of divine Intention ; the point is, that the upward movement begins with the Standard of Comfort, and not with anything else.

The American and English masses have another and a more inspiring opinion about themselves, and, again, it is very well that they have. It gives them the faith of the great peoples, which moves the earth. They feel themselves to be of the Elect, to be "chosen." And they are so. They are not perhaps chosen for just the reason that they think, but they are indubitably chosen for another reason, and in another sense.



II

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WHEN M. Demolins told his countrymen that they were dropping out of the race because they belonged to the obsolete social system which he termed communistic or collective, and whose first crime was to bring up children not to rely upon their personal strength and initiative, but to lean upon the family or the State, and to expect to be pushed and furthered by one or the other, or by both; when he told them that the only nations which were truly prosperous in the world to-day were those which repudiated any such parasitism and taught every creature to look out for itself, on the theory of the most untrammelled individualism, he showed a very clear perception, without doubt, of the circumstances, the impelling principles, of the present. But M. Demolins did not stop at a statement of conditions. He applied his lesson.

He suggests that there is salvation still for the French nation, that it can lift itself out of its present troubles,—a dwindling population, with deaths only kept from exceeding births by the annual set-

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tlement of foreigners on the soil ; dwindling revenues, primarily due to the growing indifference to agriculture ; political disorganization, and the rest,—if it will but resolutely set itself to the task of changing the nature of its secular desires, and substituting for them those different desires which are the motive forces of the English and American civilization.

Here one would like to ask him to pause a little. He is asking a great deal. It is more than questionable whether any people ever truly succeeded in regenerating itself after that fashion. England passed, in the early years of the nineteenth century, through a crisis of the gravest sort. With the Napoleonic wars eating up all that her industry could supply, and her great transatlantic colonies gone, she might have seemed to the moralist in straits so precarious as those of France since 1870. And that she overcame all the obstacles arrayed against her, and rose higher than ever before, might well give comfort and encouragement to such patriots as M. Demolins.

But the regeneration was accomplished in her case by the putting forth, with intensified energy, of activities which had been in the nation from the first. The English manufacturers began to race neck to neck with all other producers everywhere, and the nation got on its feet again through the dogged working and intrepid trading capacity of all its citizens. The phe-

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nomena witnessed were merely the outcome of a renewed and feverish zeal along the line of desires which had been the mainspring of action of those citizens, and of their fathers and fathers' fathers, for generations back.

England pulled herself up by becoming the greatest of industrial nations at the precise time when to be a truly great nation it was absolutely necessary to be an industrial one beyond all else. But she had been preparing for that destiny for centuries.

All the injection of new ideals in the world could not apparently bring any contemporary nation into successful economic rivalry with the Anglo-Saxon at this moment, because the same degree of preparedness for the special work of the hour is elsewhere lacking. (There are, then, very firm practical reasons for the belief of Englishmen and Americans that their people has been singled out to form a great empire,) whatever the terms may be on which the business may eventually get itself done. It is, in fact, the imperial people now. It is having an influence that extends farther than any racial influence since the fall of Rome. Its idea of what civilization is and means is loosening the foundations of many other national ideas on the subject, and weakening their hold, everywhere.

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It is one of the ironies of events that this influence, with all that it tends to bring about of superficial uniformity in a great number of different peoples, so that wherever one goes one finds an increasing proportion of individuals who take their cue from the Anglo-Saxon in all practical things, and whose most eager wish seems to be to copy him, should spread itself forth in its fullness at the end of a century which witnessed so many generous and pathetic reconstructions of separate nationalities. Greece was liberated, and Italy unified, and the Czechs were made self-governing, and the German States fused into a Confederation; and the spilling of blood and spending of treasure were supposed to be in order that groups of men who felt a greater like-mindedness with their fellows than with the rest of the world might be permitted to preserve their special traditions and to arrange their life as they pleased, free from the nuisance of alien and uncongenial interference. The wind of personal independence blowing through the world had blown on them also. But we are not living in a time when traditions of nationalistic individualism cherished by many different peoples can have any enduring success.

It has been said that Europe now appears "as she really is; with all her contrasts, national, ethnological, chronological." The points at which she is growing to

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be alike from end to end are, however, becoming much more conspicuous every year than the contrasts. It is impossible, surely, to feel that the contrasts are deepening. Though from the point of view of the picturesque one might wish it, and also perhaps from a high ethical point of view, yet one must recognize how little chance there is of it.

There is a great force afoot that is opposed to the blossoming of such diversities. It is the new sort of industry that owes its birth to the new strides of science. It makes business something which it never was before, and the trader a figure of heroic dimensions. It subordinates every other desire to that of acquiring wealth.) And it suggests,—which is the significant thing,—the spending of wealth in ways, and on objects, that are practically identical the world over. There was commerce enough, daring commerce, in the past. But it was not become an organization that enclosed the whole round globe in a net. Nor was industry a machine-promoted power that sought its customers by the million over the rim of the farther hemisphere. It lived and died in protected localities. Now it takes its chances in the open market of unlimited competition. The first result of this has been to affect to an extraordinary extent that Standard of Comfort already mentioned.

An increasing population has acquired a taste for

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conveniences of which it before knew nothing. The taste is rapidly become a sort of fetichism. Bodily ease is clamored for as it never was before. It comes first. Other goods may follow after, or they may not. The extremist, the socialist, says, to be sure, that he asks for the bodily ease in order that the soul may thrive. But whether it would thrive or not is something as to which he can offer no guaranties. The only thing which he can say, reasonably, is that it is an experiment to be tried.

This rise of the masses to a better level of living, and louder and louder demand for it,—the almost exclusive concentration of attention throughout Western civilization on the economic aspects of social questions—must bring into overmastering prominence any one great people which can minister, in the largest number of ways, to these special cravings of the multitude. The inventiveness, along economic lines, which this people may display, will radiate over an immense field. With means of transportation and distribution what they now are, its comfort-giving appliances and labor-saving devices may reach to the ends of the earth. Such is the propagating power of that social law of imitation, in the direction of which Walter Bagehot made more than one shrewd guess, and whose functions we are just beginning, thanks to the labors of the Frenchman Gabriel Tarde, to understand.

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All the more likely is the imitation to be great if the privileged people keeps enlarging territorially; and that is what every great people now seeks to do; and it is another fruit of the laboring man's determination to have such wages as will enable him to eat meat, and to wear whole clothing, and to have his children inducted into the first mysteries of education.

. To meet these new standards the manufacturer hunts up outlets for his surplus wares over land and sea.) He entices yellow men and black men, who know nothing and care less about the products of his whirring wheels and cogs and pistons, to know and to care, and to desire the things which he can make and they can't. All uncivilized or semi-civilized men are "suggestionized" to think that it is better to eat off cheap Western crockery than off their own often artistic earthenware, and coaxed to wish for upholstered chairs, and electric lights by night, and electric conveyances by day. Areas of commercial suggestibility of this kind are so much a condition not only of national power, but often of actual national subsistence, at the present, that the endeavor to secure them must come first with every people that moves with the column of civilization.

From this plain necessity—so humdrum, familiar, and self-evident to the economist—result a great many things which warm the imagination of poets and stir the blood of patriots. The rapid colonization

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of the outlying parts of the globe, the seizure of the islands of the sea inhabited by half-savage races, the eager pushing forward of the white man's armies into the black stretches of Central Africa, and across the steppes and over the inner mountains of Asia,—all this makes a splendid drama. And it has its intellectual triumphs, in the diplomatizings of governments and the manœuverings and combinations of capitalists, as well as its triumphs of daring and of brute force. The stage is ready, and this will be the great play of the next hundred years,—a play that will call for endless resources of ingenuity, individual virtue, patience, and fortitude; and in which many a blameless man will lay down his strength. And yet at bottom, and in the main, it will be one fierce fight for self-preservation, in which it is certainly the weakest that will go to the wall, those, that is, whose equipment is the least complete for the special business in hand.

It is safe to assume that the Anglo-Saxons will not be of that number, for it has been observed that they are the most perfect product, perfect in assimilation and function, of the tendencies which make society what it is now. Do you want to know your times? Know your Englishman and American, your Australian and Canadian. Do you want to know your Englishman and American, your Australian and Canadian? Know your times. It is not for nothing that

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the crowding events of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, discoveries, inventions, intellectual revival, spiritual reform, all those things which make our modern life, should have coincided with the precise moment in history at which we can see England slowly shifting her position, and changing from a small country of the second rank into a coming great nation of the first.

It was in those magnificent and troublous years that was brought quietly into the world one day, and on the fat, damp fields of England, the factory system. It was the invention of an English farmer, to whom it occurred to hire large tracts of land from his landlord, and to cultivate them, or graze sheep upon them, employing laborers to help in the work, paying them himself, and being himself liable and responsible for the risks of the undertaking. It was an ingenious plan, and it succeeded far beyond the expectations doubtless of its probably very untheoretic original promoter. From agricultural undertakings handled upon that consolidating system, to the handling in like manner of arts and crafts, the step was short. (When England had her factories and her factory-workers she awoke to discover that she had her key to the world in her hand.)

One hears the æsthete declaring that that birth of the factory, coming literally out of the bowels of the English soil, does not seem an event to thrill; not one to

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become the cause of passion to successive generations, to arouse intensities of enthusiasm, and make men strain nerve for to the cracking point, and be ready to die for. Well, it is hard for the æsthete to realize that he has not the monopoly of human imagination.

There is a great deal of vague lament about the dullness of modern life. We have grown cold, people say, and science has drugged imagination, and put it to sleep. It has done nothing of the kind. (It has only displaced the centres of enthusiasm.) The arts in the last century (excepting music) have mostly kept to tradition, because the imagination of society in general has not occupied itself with them with that concentrated intensity that literally forces out new inventions in any line of activity. Yet this was not from a running-out of the imaginative stock of civilized man.

That tremendous energy which every day takes form in some fresh discovery in the physical world, or in some new application of natural forces to agriculture, and to the manufacture that supplies society with its necessities and its luxuries, where else do we think that it comes from? Imagination, fervor, zest, are needed for every one of these apparently so common-place tasks. Not only does an immense cerebral activity go into them, but the heart-beats of millions go into them also. The minds of all men to-day who have natural scientific or industrial aptitudes are keyed

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at the highest pitch, and, in the large, they labor as they do because they love their labors, and they love them because the whole world loves what the labor brings. They are surrounded by an atmosphere that is full of fostering sympathy for their work. The eager interest of thousands of organizers of industry, who may reap untold profits by one small labor-diminishing appliance, or by the harnessing at one new point of a refractory power of nature, acts upon the inventor's latent ideas like the air of a forcing-house. The scientific thought is kindled into flame, sees visions and dreams dreams. Figments of miracles which might be accomplished float before it, sustain it at moments of discouragement, persist so vividly that the miracle some day materializes into a natural fact.

Drain off all these emotions into the channel of the production of material things,—and the medical specialists who count up the victims of nervous breakdown due to the stress of modern life would not say that the emotions were feeble amongst the progressive peoples,—and what intensities are left over to be used in non-material ways?

We all recognize this state of excitement as having prevailed at the great artistic periods, at those which, with unintelligent exclusiveness, we are in the habit of calling creative, as if no others could be so. The minds of educated men, and even of ignorant

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ones, in the sixteenth century in England, were feverishly full of stimulating fancies bred by tales of new continents and fabulous races, following upon the maritime discoveries of the preceding hundred years. Out of the interest of the multitude in such things came much of the marvellous wealth of poetic imagination of the English Renaissance. Shakespeare tingles with this intoxication of sudden in-breaking of new facts and fairy-tales from far horizons. He revels in images of strange landscapes, in foreign places and names. You may read in him, if you know how, all the emotional unrest of an entire people, awakening to a new and delightful consciousness that the outside world is big and deliciously rich in sensation. The Greeks passed through a similar experience before they produced the "Iliad." They—who that has read the pages of Walter Pater on this subject can forget them?—were excited by recently acquired knowledge of the sumptuous and disquieting luxury, the craftsmanship, the cunning work of gold and ivory of Asiatic civilizations; knowledge with which mingled reminiscences of an anterior period of heroic civilization of their own, the civilization of Tiryns and Mycenæ, then sunk into ruin, and faintly seen with the backward vision in the hues of myth.

Those are periods of what one may call artistic incubation. We live, on the other hand, in days of

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economic and scientific incubation. Our great men—our creative geniuses, our Homers and Shakespeares—are great men of the economic type. The moral code itself answers sensitively to the fact in the countries where that type predominates and moulds society. An æsthetic type of society is weakest at the seventh commandment; an economic type of society frailest at the eighth. Where the æsthetic interests are much developed (which is, or tends to be, wherever a large leisure class is formed), offences against sexual morality are more readily condoned than breaches of personal integrity or of commercial honor. When the economic forces have the upper hand, it is the reverse that is true.

A successful man in a modern community of the Anglo-American type—and the Anglo-American type of community *is* the modern type—is forgiven for many suspected deficiencies in economic honesty; but let him not, on that account, think to find indulgence for the immorality which the French designate as “passional !” Railroad magnates and manufacturing kings, great speculators and wealth-producers, may take the money of others, and lose nothing appreciable in public esteem. A statesman may be all but flagrantly convicted of corruption, and, in the United States at least, no great harm follow. But not one of these personages may run away with another

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man's wife without bringing down about his ears such storms as of late years have more than once shaken the English social world to the centre. We of the English tongue have limited even the meaning of the word immoral to the "passional" crimes, which we are intolerant of in proportion to our smaller temptation to commit them.

It is quite true that individuals who have served their country a good turn economically have never found public morality inquiring too indiscreetly into their economic practices. But honors and emoluments and ardent praise were not always showered upon them, nor has there always been a tendency to see them in the heroic light. The Spanish Crown was perfectly willing to reap all the advantages of the fabulous career of Cortez, but it treated the man who had thrown the treasure into its lap shabbily enough. The England of Elizabeth absorbed to its very great profit the gold and silver of the buccaneering expeditions of Drake and Hawkins, and failed to be unduly shocked at the methods by which these needed gains came to be injected into its, at the moment, very languid economic circulation. Still, those commercial adventurers were not the objects of general respect. We are told that the public, until the Queen conferred great honors upon him, thought of Sir Francis—and small wonder!—as "no better than a pirate."

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Now matters are changed. The predatory Anglo-Saxon adventurer—more properly the predatory Anglo-Norman adventurer—is not extinct. Far from it. He has indeed come into his own in a most extraordinary way. The present economic era throws the most pronounced characteristics of this order of man into a totally new light. He now has social sanction and prestige, any amount of them.

Of course, those were things which he could not have in times in which kings and nobles appealed to the imagination, and in which advantages were derived by the multitude from contact with these hereditary fountains of preferment far more than from the efforts of individual enterprise, even the boldest. The most conspicuous feature of the conduct of all the European governments who were interested in the colonization of America in its early days was the half-heartedness of their support of the men who were doing the perilous work of that undertaking, and the indifference with which they left those courageous rovers, half men of genius and half desperadoes, in the lurch. Spain, France, and England were alike in this respect.

What happens now? The English in South Africa have of recent years been engaged in designs of invasion which may not be clothed about with all the romantic circumstance that surrounded the exploits

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of the Conquistadores, nor relieved by the touches of tender and heroic pathos that marked some of the episodes of the early French colonization on the American continent, but which are to the full as significant and instructive. The central figure of the movement is a genuine scion of that race of hardy and unscrupulous pioneers, enamored of the free life of boundless horizons, who have carried Saxon civilization far and wide over the globe. But while a Raleigh or a Captain John Smith may have known discouragement and abandonment, it is safe to assume that such will not be the fate of Cecil Rhodes. Governments at the present know better what they owe to those of their subjects who perform great economic services. They do not treat them as rather contemptible sappers and miners, whose place is in the outskirts. They respect them as conscious and magnificent instruments of national aggrandizement. The industrial promoter in a democratic modern state is the Man of Destiny. Round him rally the loyalties which upheld the arms of conquering chieftains in the mediæval state. Useful as he is, no wonder that he has his countrymen behind him ! No wonder that the official cloak is outspread to cover any transaction in which things may have occurred that have caused the public sense of mine and thine to shy ever so little.

But, as a rule, the public virtue wears its blinders

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tight, and sees only what it chooses to see. Commercial geniuses, men whose minds grasp the philosophy of great industries, these are the men of the age, the necessary men, the contemporary giants. To them all things are forgiven because they do much. They add to the wealth of nations, and to the well-being of the tax-paying citizen.

These men are to be found in greater numbers amongst the Anglo-Saxons than amongst other peoples. Other peoples have produced trading genius just as remarkable; so far as speculative combination is concerned, perhaps more so. Professor Marshall has reminded us that this is true of the Greeks, the Jews, and the Italians. In no other case, however, when other roads of activity lay open, has there been so relatively exclusive a concentration of energy upon one; and so there are more promoters of commercial schemes, in England and America, than elsewhere, and their influence is more cumulative, and, their opportunities being greater, they affect more profoundly all the elements of the population.

Moreover, it is always to be remembered that Anglo-Saxon commercial inventiveness aims peculiarly to decrease the contact of the middling individual with the physical discomforts of life. It sets before it the task of giving him, at small cost, light and warmth and cleanliness, and rapid conveyance from

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spot to spot ; in a word, just those concomitants of a rather gross physical convenience which hitherto were only within reach of the very rich, but which the not rich and the poor now expect as well.

The importance of this one detail, as modern life is constituted, one runs no risk of overestimating. What Englishmen and Americans can achieve, and have achieved, in this direction has opened a world of new physical satisfactions to mankind. Is it little to have been, to the masses, popularizers of bath-tubs, of knickerbockers and pith helmets, of home-like interiors in the unlikeliest conditions ? Is it little to have made corporal comfort respectable, and to have taught the poorest to strive for it ? Is it little that wanderers and travellers have learned to carry it about in their luggage, and to unpack it, with the five o'clock tea-table, in barren hostelrys and way-side lodgings ? We Saxons have made it more than respectable. We have lifted it into the region of ethics. In our conservative middle classes there is a solid connection established between a good carpet and godliness. And we may go beyond and perceive that our apotheosis of bodily snugness—and must we say smugness, too?—has had an incalculable power over the mental and moral point of view of millions.

It is sometimes objected that in all these English and American inventions there is nothing artistic.

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Their purpose is to help a man to take his ease; and it is found that ease-taking and beauty appear often to be mutually exclusive. Well, the inartistic quality of the typical English and American product is only another source of success. The French are natural creators of refined luxuries for highly-civilized populations, and, in favorable circumstances, all the Latin nationalities would be. They have an inborn perception of the sensuous possibilities of life, the fruit of a long classic tradition. They have also a feeling for the individualized, hand-made product which ministers to that perception. The Anglo-Saxons, however, are not creators of luxuries, by special aptitude, for the fastidious taste of the few. They are purveyors of common articles for the many. That is a distinction on which the utmost emphasis must be laid.

It is a reason, together with other reasons,—lack of individual enterprise, of capitalistic organization, etc.,—which makes that the Latin peoples are unable to compete for the possession of colonial markets with æsthetically duller nations. They are, as was well observed a few years ago by an Italian writer, too mercurial and versatile and impressionable for steady enrolment in the disciplined battalions of factory-workers. What they do best is done with the hand. With the Anglo-Saxon it is the opposite. What he does best is done with the machine. And the machine alone

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turns out the sort of wares that meets the tastes of undeveloped races and of primitive buyers, and turns them out in sufficient quantities to provide that ever-swelling and ever-rising tide of humanity of which we have an image in our minds when we speak of modern democracy.

This difference between the products of the Saxon and those of the southern peoples of Europe is not new. It has always existed. When Henry IV. of France was stimulating the silk and cloth of gold industries of his country, to compete with those of Italy and Flanders, France was getting her coarse cloths entirely from the English, who had a monopoly of such cloths, and sold them at their own price. In spite of the overwhelming economic superiority of the descendants of those sixteenth century cloth-makers, the French still lead the fashion of the world in all the subtler and more luxurious particularities of clothing, living, and cookery. In woman's dress they only handle sumptuous materials with distinction, and laces and ribbons like poets. They only, amongst modern peoples, have the Greek feeling for the appropriate, and the Greek instinct of style in minute objects.

The things for which, in the matter of apparel, England is famous, are intended for wear and tear; they stand the snows and the rains; tweeds, cheviots, English "mixtures," mackintoshes, all these are the

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best of their kind, but that kind is democratic, eminently symbolic of the rise of the great modern middle class, which lives and struggles in the open. The more typical outputs of the French industrial invention are entirely, hopelessly, unfitted for such conditions. One conceives of them as in their proper place, rather, at court-balls, or in the shelter of aristocratic interiors where the struggle of the street comes faintly and afar-off, a muffled echo.

Lancashire cottons at twopence and threepence a yard find a ready market from Polynesia to Persia and from Turkey to India. Their crude colors, described as "bright and neat," do not diminish their acceptability with the tropical purchaser; and it appears that the figures of locomotives, and other similar inventions of the West, with which they are occasionally embellished, emphatically enhance it. But tape-makers, tapestry-makers, carvers, workers in fine wood—these can only appeal to a limited number of the wealthy who have refined tastes. The *article de Paris* presupposes the existence of a peculiar class of expensive purchasers which is small even in a high civilization. Finally it may be that these inherent differences in the normal productivity of different systems may be so well understood that there will be no attempt to export to them. And already it was a sign of the economic prosperity for the Medi-

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terrean peoples must be sought in quite another quarter from that in which the northern peoples find it. The rich and luxurious of the older civilizations, the buyers whose nerves and senses have become *affinés*, are their proper customers. Not the Patagonian, still confined to the simplicity of a loin-cloth.

In the intentness of high and low, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, on physical interests and material possessions, the Anglo-Saxon, then, has come by his opportunity. And in the consequent fight for the markets of the world he is most apt to be triumphant because he has supreme gifts as an inventor of material things which appeal to the average man of democracy, and because he produces a great number of great men of the economic type.

This, however, is not all. He is endowed with another element of success. The competition of the Germans has been brought up as a serious menace to his economic supremacy. The German, it is asserted, is far more patient than Americans or Englishmen ever learn to be in developing the resources of foreign markets, and, not being imbued with any "ruling race" notions, more inclined to make great account of the wish of the native consumer. This is true. In long-continuing, consistent, monotonous, industrial appli-

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cation, unrelieved by the excitement that comes from embarking in new enterprises, the Americans and the English are no match for the Germans.) The Americans, especially, are too impatient, too anxious to attain results by the shortest road. Furthermore, they antagonize their interests in foreign markets by an attitude which proclaims without timidity what they think of the perfection of their own methods, and of the imbecility of every other.

The best witnesses appear to be agreed that this is the story of American mercantile interests in Mexico, which, being so near a neighbor of the United States, might be supposed to be a particularly partial customer of the greater Republic. German, and even English, merchants are, it would seem, preferred in Mexico to American, because they take more trouble to be persuasive, and to meet native idiosyncrasies half way.

No one doubts that if all other conditions were equal, the plodding perseverance and the greater frugality of the Germans might give them a vast advantage, in many cases, over the expensively nourished and contemptuous inhabitants of the British Isles and the United States. They are, as it happens, not equal. What the Germans have in this kind is more than outweighed, not only by Anglo-American inventiveness, but by the adventurousness that is in every drop of

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English and American blood. So long as new lands are to be opened up over the earth, so long as that peculiar hardihood is required for the task which not only does not shrink from loneliness and unknown perils, but finds stimulus and excitement in them which nothing surpasses, so long will the Saxon be master of the situation. There are qualities more solid than adventurousness, safer to bring success in the usual course of life. They are just now eclipsed by it, because temporarily they are less useful.

No one has better understood the relation of the man of English speech to the economic movement than the ethical economist who said of the principal traits of modern business that they were "a certain independence and habit of choosing one's own course for oneself, a self-reliance; a deliberation and yet a promptness of choice and judgment, and a habit of forecasting the future and of shaping one's course with reference to distant aims."

Now these, finally, are traits to be sought amongst free men, men who have long been free, and who have learned to use their freedom for the upbuilding of character. If we ponder that industrial skill and business ability alike "are getting every day to depend more and more on the broad faculties of judgment, promptness, *resource*," as well as on "carefulness and steadfastness of purpose," we have the

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measure of the equipment of English-speaking men for these pursuits. For here we find enumerated the very characteristics which are the noblest achievement in the sphere of moral endeavor of these western off-shoots of the Germanic stock.

Add to these various, specialized, and inter-related aptitudes for the work which civilization appears to insist upon getting done at this juncture, the fact that trade expansions on a great scale have never hitherto been possible without some sort of military intervention, soon or late—and that unless we look forward into a problematical future in which the “spheres of influence” of the different peoples and races might be delimited, like bodies of water kept from overflowing by their embankments, they probably never will be possible—and behold how the Anglo-Saxon, by way of electric plants and improved water-works, sleeping-cars and telephones, farming tools and engines, may become an imperial power.

It will be by insensible steps, through the sheer vital processes of a people exhibiting, in the crisis of the opportunity, the exact gifts, good and bad, which the world needs at a stage of its development and cannot do without.

Of these vast unifying powers there have always been examples. Social progress seems to go forward

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—it is an ancient observation—by a pendulum swing from centralization to decentralization and back again.

Men inherit and (acquire) different tastes and faculties.)

Races that live under different skies, on different soils, in upland or lowland, by the sea or in the centre of continents, have an inherent bent toward an individual development of their own, each after its fashion. They are never allowed to follow it for very long. Some one nation—Assyrian, Egyptian, Persian, Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Mexican, Peruvian—gains by fortuitous circumstance the upper hand, exploits the weaker neighbors to its profit, and stretches its philosophy of life, with its tentacles of customs, industrial and social, and of ideals, mental and spiritual, polypus-like over friend and foe. The clutch is oppressive while it lasts.

“As far as she could,” says Ernest Lavisse, “Rome destroyed the individual genius of nations; she seems to have rendered them unqualified for a national existence. When the public life of the Empire ceased, Italy, Gaul, and Spain were thus unable to become nations. Their great historical existence did not begin until after the arrival of the barbarians.”

This is the loss. The gain to the progress of the world is that submission to one social or political power often orders and harmonizes discordant impulses and efforts, and grinds well into the conscious-

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ness of mankind some one lesson of social efficiency which the great people of the hour have learned better than others, and better known how to apply.



III

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IN the light of the anthropological and ethnological researches of recent years generalizations as to the inherent bent of different peoples or groups of peoples seem to be more than hazardous; and the generalizer will not fail to have his attention drawn to the fact. There is, to be sure, no people of modern times whose composition is not so mixed as that of the people who inhabit the United States; and if it does not so clearly appear, it is merely that the mixture came about at periods more or less remote, whereas, in the case of the United States, the different ingredients have been thrown into the pot, and stirred, before our eyes.

Not only is the modern Englishman an ethnological conglomerate of Celt and Saxon and Dane and Norman, but he is an anthropological conglomerate of "fair, long-headed," and "dark, broad-headed," man. The Irishman is the same species of anthropological conglomerate, and in no wise a pure Celt. He is no more of a Celt than the man of Cornwall or Devonshire, yet that man goes by the name of an Anglo-

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Saxon. And it was in view of this that Professor Huxley put the question, more than thirty years ago, why the Irishman's sins of thriftlessness and disorder, and of too perfect faith in the morrow to provide, should be loaded upon the back of his "race."

If you turn to the Latin group of peoples, calling them such, you are giving an arbitrary appellation to an "ethnological hotch-potch" of Etruscans, Iberians, Gauls, Franks, and what not all else. You incur, moreover, the displeasure of a large number of intelligent Frenchmen and Italians and Spaniards, who deprecate the general label. All insist upon differences, political and social, between themselves and the other "Latins." And all assure you that these differences are much more "the cause of antipathies" than the resemblances to be traced can possibly be of solidarity and mutual interest.

Similar remarks can be made of all other existing European peoples. They are composite mongrels. And on the strength of this you will find many persons ready to declare that it is an absurdity to speak of the Gallic temperament, the Slav or Tartar characteristics, the Teutonic traits, and so forth.

It does not follow. All these facts can be granted, and yet it may not be an absurdity to speak of the men now at the head of the world in industry and mechanical inventiveness as Anglo-Saxons, or of the men who

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use the Romance tongues as Latins. It is true that both might have been called by some more comprehensive name: the continent of the western hemisphere might have been named, likewise, after several of its explorers and discoverers, or at least after the most famous of the latter, instead of after one comparatively obscure navigator. But no term could be found to designate any people which, in the estimation of disagreeing ethnologists, would be at once comprehensive and accurate enough, or that would satisfy them all; and chance solves these questions by throwing into circulation some one designation which stands in a rough fashion for the thing—is much of all language not such an example of approximations?—and which continues to be used just for its usefulness, as scientists adopt a “working hypothesis.”

There are times, furthermore, when the designation pitched upon by some chance inventor really answers to some element in the compound which seems to predominate over the other elements. Conglomerates though the English and the Americans may be, there are characteristics observable in them which history picks up and brings well to the fore whenever, through the course of the centuries, the Saxon element in English history makes itself felt, as opposed, for instance, to the Norman element. And it does not signify that Norman and Saxon belonged to one original

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stock. Diversities in modes of life, fixing upon one and the other, and keeping each in a mould of distinct customs, thoughts, and ideals, rendered them eventually distinct themselves, and, as such, distinct in the influences which they brought to bear on the life of England.

Here, indeed, we have the true, the great, the mighty, factor which gathers individuals into peoples, states, nations, civilizations, and makes them resemble each other, makes them feel more or less alike on public questions, makes them ready to fight to the death for their collective integrity. Here we have the psychic factor which builds up societies, and holds their units together:—it is the hypnotic force that impels us to copy what we see about us, and to do over and over what others have done, or what we many times before have done ourselves.

Anthropologists may object, very rightly, to “long-heads” and “broad-heads” being lumped together; ethnologists (varying every few years their terminology for the great human families) assert that unless you are setting apart black men with woolly hair from red men with straight hair, and both from the Caucasians, you may not refer to “races.” But men become alike, and can be classed, when a certain related order of ideas takes possession of them, and causes them to view life—and to act in accordance with the view—in a well-defined and specific manner.

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Some ideas have, as M. Gabriel Tarde has said, better luck than others. There are inventions that doubtless would have proved very useful to mankind if the clutch of ill-fortune had not throttled them at their birth. The ideas of some of the early Saxons were attended by pre-eminently good fortune. They were inventions that were copied until they took a firm hold on the copyists. And they went down to their descendants, sometimes crossing with ideas brought from other sources, sometimes mingling or compromising with them, but surviving through the process, and always floating to the surface again, until so many millions of men had been, in some degree, formed by them, that they could be said to have created a civilization.

Those ideas make Anglo-Saxondom, without reference to what its ethnological constituents may be. A different set of inventions and ideas, which had an equal success in surviving, and was destined to a most remarkable career, made the civilization which answers to the name Latin quite as well as it would to any other name; though it is really more Greek than Latin. And whatever the peoples may have been in their origins who fell under the spell of those ideas, that spell obliterated the differences to all practical purposes.

This much of physical cause there is in the psy-

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chological unison that forms civilizations and peoples, however, that individual notions that will commend themselves to a great many followers in a country having one sort of climate and of natural configuration, will have but few proselytes where the surroundings of nature wear another face. The Greeks were bold and fearless traders, and lived in a land admirably adapted for commerce, but they had no Standard of Comfort; and under the Greek skies, in the Greek air, it would have been very difficult for such a standard to become established and to affect the whole constitution of Greek society. On the other hand, the philosopher to whom a barrel is a sufficient habitation has never been a popular type of human being amongst the peoples who became a Great People in the British Isles. The idea of life which he represents awakens no natural sympathies, and could not conceivably, in a land enshrouded by the fogs of northern seas, have hypnotized many imitators, or spread far its radius of contagion.

And so of many other ideas and inventions: their chances of survival are upon the whole better—though it is by no means always the case—when they do not antagonize the conditions of the natural environment, but rather render it possible to utilize the materials at hand for their propagation. Chance ideas, perhaps suggested by the surroundings, and then passed on

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from mind to mind—that is the story of a civilization.

The unfolding of such ideas, with all their products and by-products, can be studied in every great people of the day. But there are two groups in which the study gains a peculiar interest, and those are precisely the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin, the Mediterranean, groups. Here are two civilizations that fall naturally into positions of typical opposition. What the civilization is that England and America are giving to the world, is better understood than by any exposition when it is contrasted with the civilization which Greece and Rome gave to the world two thousand years ago,—still adding to the gift, until very recent times, in new manifestations, religious and social and intellectual, in the secondary civilizations of Italy and Spain and France. What the Saxon has done, and what he has hitherto failed to do, for man's full existence are thus appreciated more adequately than they could be in any other fashion.

The two groups of peoples are continually rising up before the attention, in a sense as absolute types, representations. Germany, though she be the "mother of nations," has never attained that definiteness, as a social force and example, which has fallen to the share of her western progeny, nor that which belonged to the older civilization that, in its world-wide visibility, she sank and swamped fifteen centuries ago.

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Anglo-Saxon civilization means, then, something concrete. And it is something concrete when we speak of Anglo-Saxon, or Anglo-American, points of view. It is true that there are in England aristocratic institutions which are Norman survivals; and not desiccated, but living and growing survivals. It is true that Celtic notes sing on in English poetry, and that much of the fighting under English colors at the edges of the earth may be done by some fiery Celt wearing those colors. It is true that in the municipal life of nearly every American town there are two struggling currents to be traced, a Celtic spirit, brilliant in organization and attack, but deficient in the sense of responsibility and in breadth of view, and a duller, but steadier, and incomparably more honest, Saxon political spirit. It is true that there are internal dissensions between Americans and Englishmen;—and let but American manufacturers make inroads upon the exotic trading preserves of Lancashire spinners, or American engines cut off the profits of English mechanics, and what infuriated self-interest, when touched at the quick, can do to breed hatreds, will be apparent enough! It is true also that the future may hold a change in relative position in store for the two peoples, diminishing the imperial prestige of the older, and elevating the younger, until the coming great power may be specifically a North American empire.

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All these things are, or may be; and still there are channels in which the minds of Englishmen and Americans—yes, and of Celtic Scots, and of Australians, and of New Zealanders, and of Canadians—flow, and will flow, alike, and in which the minds of other peoples do not flow of their own accord, nor otherwise than as they may be dammed up and turned into those courses by the influence of imitation. General conclusions and statements are legitimate when applied to bodies of men who, however diverse their beginnings, have for generations lived together on one soil, eating one sort of food, speaking one language, hearing the repetition of one order of traditions, bowing to one code of laws, following the chain of one set of social and ethical customs. And the popular mind recognizes that fact unconsciously when it makes these conclusions and statements. It may make them with a fine indifference to the special trees which go to form the forest. But then the man of science may fail, on his side, by perhaps not seeing the forest for the trees.

The little land in which the Anglo-Saxon type of man got his growth, and developed those of his habits and ideas which peculiarly give him his stamp, in which for over ten centuries the Saxon peasant and yeoman fought tenaciously, stubbornly, for the individual liberties of the plain, common man, is one as

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ideally adapted in its way as was Greece to bring forth a remarkable people. It is a land for men and women of stout muscles and hearts, and healthy tastes and sound spirits, to move about freely and live pleasantly in. It is long since Montesquieu's philosophizings upon the physiological effects of climate have been rectified out of knowledge, yet his divinations, with all their lack of science, have not been buried under, but remain as clever flashes at the truth.

The active Saxons and Danes who poured into England could not sink into lethargy, abandoning their hardy habits, as one tough race after another has done that poured into the hotter places of the earth, and lost its vigor there. The British climate was temperate and tonic. And, besides, it was equable, without rough changes or violent extremes. The physical part of man ripens mellowly into a fine harmony, with a steady and stable unfolding of its faculties, when environing nature meets it faithfully with the same aspect. The haphazard alternations, calling upon the whole system to tune itself every six months to a totally different key of life, to which the American is subjected, — who may tell what a serious obstacle to his ultimate effectualness, and to his long continuance in any superiority, they may turn out to be?) *True*

The friendly landscapes of England, where animal and plant nature thrives in abundance, help the cli-

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mate in its work of enticement to an open-air life, but not to the lounging sweet-it-is-to-do-nothing out-door life of the southern climates. To live out-of-doors comfortably under the British heavens men must be doers of things. They must be goers and comers, hunters and walkers, horsemen and sportsmen. And finally the drizzling moisture of many gray days, which washes and feeds the verdure, and makes it satin-fine, descends with as sooth a touch on the skin of the inhabitant, and keeps his pores open, and his integument as fine as his lawns. A detail apparently negligible, and more; yet in reality pregnant with consequences. What does the Englishman not owe to that smooth cuticle of his ! How easy is athleticism with pores in such condition ! As easy as his best effort to the race-horse whose muscles, on an August noon, play, under their silken sheath, like elastic bands.

Saxons and Danes, Angles and Jutes, coming into this climate, retained their physical energy, and those who were not naturally energetic were forced by the pressure of example probably to pretend that they were. And at last there is shaped, through a meeting of many propitious causes, an order of society in which the law of doing is the first and most peremptory laid upon every citizen. Look to-day at the most westerly of the habitations of the Saxon if you would see that law at the apex of its triumph. Follow the unblessed career

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of an idle American, even one who has earned, or whose parents have earned for him, the right to idleness, and who fills his leisure with the negative activities of observation and reflection. The Constitution never contemplated him nor the likes of him; and he is taught what anomalous discomforts are reserved for those who play the rôle of aquatic animals on land. Observe the relations of his surroundings to him for awhile, and (provided he do not fill his days with frivolous amusements;) learn what almost savage force can be put forth by a social mechanism that is trying to get rid of a wheel which is superfluous, and to which no definite function has been, or can be, assigned.

It might be interesting to track to their springs the various currents of example which intensified this belief in doing as the first duty in the mind of the new type of man who reaches his extreme expression in the great Western Republic. The physical environment helped—the land that had no great mountains, and was intersected by many water-courses, and everywhere stood not too far from the sea;—and the animal food, and the habit of consuming a great deal of such food. It may be that at one time meat was practically as unknown to the English laboring-man as to the French peasant at the close of the eighteenth century. But the class just above the laboring-man, that which has been the sinew of this people, the class of the small

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farmer, the yeoman, was a class of stout trenchermen. And the hunting-squire of the days of the Stuarts, and later, gorged like one of his Viking ancestors.

High-fed and stirring, so stirring that he could bring into existence a whole philosophy of life and guide for practical conduct on the principle that to *do* something—no matter if badly, no matter if for any specific purpose or not, no matter when or where, but to *do*,—was in itself three-fourths of salvation, the man of the British Isles was also, as has been said, adventurous; intuitively, tirelessly, ineradicably adventurous. Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out that the adventurous instinct is an accompaniment of a low order of social development, and that boys, who are belated barbarians, are all possessed of it. The instinct has its main root in the satisfaction which sheer movement gives, in and by itself, to the strong and lusty.

It is the spirit of adventure that sends forth those unattached and seemingly aimless Englishmen whom all have met moving over the earth, from European capitals to the Cape, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Far East, without any great visible interest in anything that they see or have seen, do or have done, not restless, though never stopping long in one spot, driven on ceaselessly by the simple desire to keep moving. Theirs is the passive form of the adventurous spirit, the unaggressive adventurousness.

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And it is the same spirit that sends forth, on a far different plane of consciousness, with a tuning of the nerves for tense accomplishment,—but always with a matter-of-fact composure withal, which shows how far down beneath the area of excitability, into the very tissues, the habit of it all has gone,—the young men who, in England, cram for India Civil Service examinations, or follow the courses of agricultural schools in preparation for colonial careers; and who, in America, have pushed into a mythical boundary-line the Far West, and fought and died in Cuba and the Philippines.

Not one Saxon in thousands knows what the spirit is that works in him to such issues. But let one arise who can interpret it for him, and make his haunting desire clear to himself, and he recognizes its face by his heart-beats. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has had the wand and the spell that have touched the modern Anglo-American into quickness to feel his joy in the still waste places of the earth, in jungles and deserts, in islands washed by tropical currents, and encircled by uncharted shoals. There adventure walks abroad, and life is free as the courses of the great winds, and steeped in the primeval sense of things. And there the old Robinson-Crusoe yearnings of English-speaking men find their fill.

Mr. Kipling has not told his readers that the in-

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stinct of adventure is an accompaniment of a low stage of civilization. And he is right not to do so. He is right to tell them only what he himself sees. The magnificent panorama of it all is what he sees, and the thrice-active men of his blood moiling in the midst, and giving rein to their splendid power of organization, ruling and building and ordering, hewing wood and drawing water, turning the decaying remnants of ancient civilizations into foundations for problematic new dispensations, spending the years of their life in doing, *doing* according to their desire. And yet Mr. Herbert Spencer, who sees none of these things, is right also.

Adventurous activity, and love of material ease and of comfortable possessions in the moments of repose, lead to very direct interest in the realities, and therefore to the bias of mind that seeks for facts, and is impatient of speculation whose counters do not circulate as exchangeable coin. They not only lead to that bias, but, in the course of the evolution of a people, partly destroy the aptitude which perceives the more elusive relations of things,—relations necessarily not visible from the concrete standpoint. That aptitude fails of exercise and cultivation; and the attention becomes centred more and more upon externals. Hence limitations in the mental life of these peoples of the

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West, which must be recognized. But hence also their extraordinary power over practical affairs, and lastly that quality of poised courage, which has already been noticed under the guise of prudence, judgment, foresight, self-determination in all worldly matters ; and which is one of their greatest achievements in the moral life. There is, in the modern Englishman or American who would face blithely the prospect of life-long expatriation upon the frayed colonial edge of civilization, or of years amid the harsh circumstances of Alaskan gold-digging or the African diamond-fields, a reasoned perception of the relative safety and friendliness of things, after all, to any man who has no fear and plenty of self-reliance, which men in the truly barbarian phase of adventurousness can never have known the comfort of. No peoples have ever had this perception perhaps so greatly developed as the English-speaking ; and if it be mainly due to the stiff-necked independence of that little Saxon peasant whom M. Demolins has recently shown us anew as "immovably seated on his clump of earth," and determinedly frustrating every successive effort to interfere with his perfectly free actions within the circle of whatever he could call his own property or home, then indeed do we owe a debt to the churl.

The consequence of this up-breeding in comparative isolation of a body of men who, starting with a

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strong incipient feeling of the sanctity of personality, worked that feeling up and out until it waxed into the most independent consciousness of self-sufficiency the world has known, has been immeasurable gain to the race. President Eliot of Harvard was right when he drew attention to the confidence of the American in the face of the unknown as one of his especial gifts to mankind. The untried place, the strange inhabitant, the new climate, all those unfamiliar aspects of things which cause a shrinking in civilized beings that is but an enfeebled survival of the abject fear of the savage before the dark, and the storm, and natural phenomena, ceased sooner, amongst the descendants of the little Saxon peasant, to strike a chill through the veins than elsewhere. They have grown farther away from those fears. Their assurance and "comfortableness" and courage, whatever betides, are a high moral lesson, and bring other moral gains in their train:—truthfulness, which is a child of freedom, and is never born where men shrink and are afraid of things within or without; and a certain largeness of mould which preserves the best type of Saxon from the more puerile angers and nervous irritabilities, even as his activity preserves him from many of the morbid forms of physical indulgence.

This much the Gospel of Action has done. It has done what the Standard of Comfort has done. It has

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brought about high moral acquisitions. But it has not always done so, nor must we always look for them. If the Standard of Comfort can make altruists, by a round-about road, the Gospel of Action, by a road more direct, can make men fearless and self-reliant, and truthful in dealing with the fact;—not the idea; the fact.—To speak, nevertheless, as if all active men were fearless, self-reliant, and truthful, would be a manifest absurdity. And to refer to exalted moral purposes on occasions when the Englishman and American have no more than an itch for havings and holdings is altogether vicious.

It serves the aims of American and English expansionists to insist that their civilization spreads over the earth by the power of righteousness; but the facts need a great deal of warping before they will fit in to the support of the contention. England was first set on the road that led to vast commercial expansion when the discovery of America and of the sea-way to India made her the natural seat of the world's exchange, as Constantinople, and Venice, and Antwerp, had been in their turn and day, and as New York, or Chicago, or San Francisco may be to-morrow. With this accident the power of righteousness had nothing to do. Ethical reasons drove the Puritans to New England, it is true, precisely as it drove the French Huguenots to Carolina, or elsewhere nearer home. But ethical reasons did

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not drive over the sea like gulls the mass of yeomen who were unable to keep their small holdings after the consolidated system of farming came in, at the reign of Henry VIII. Neither Clive nor Hastings was concerned with ethical questions of betterment for the India of his time, or with the spread of English righteousness, when, two hundred years later, both helped to lay the groundwork of the Indian empire. "The increase of our revenue is the subject of our care as much as our trade; 't is that must maintain our force when twenty accidents may interrupt our trade; 't is that must make us a nation in India." . . . Revenue and trade. And it may be asked, why not? Still, the man who talked and thought thus, though a great instrument of expansion, was not an instrument of expansion by the power of righteousness.

Making facts of physical and material significance look as if they were facts of spiritual import is constitutionally easy to the Saxon. Of recent years a liking for the practice has gone on apace until the bulk of persons have lost the faculty of seeing the truth. The great poet of Anglo-Saxondom at the close of the nineteenth century prays that God's Own People—"Thy People"—may not so be uplifted in exaltation of spiritual and carnal pride that it will forget its duties, this being the base course to be expected of "lesser breeds," but not of the higher breed which

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has "the law." Foreigners have caught the contagion. The author of "Anglo-Saxon Superiority" establishes in France a school on English models, where French youths (if so be that the Fates are not otherwise too antagonistic to the result) may be trained up to the practice of Anglo-Saxon virtues. The press and the pulpit assume the existence of those virtues as if they were in all grades, and at all stages, in essence different from French virtues, or German virtues, or Russian, or Spanish virtues.

This leads one to a more careful scrutiny of the true ethical sentiments of those to whom so much credit is given. It must probably be admitted that the masses with them are, upon the whole, more comfortable, though not happier, than they are under other forms of civilization, that the problem of subsistence is, taking things all in all, better solved, and that the average of intelligence in practical and material affairs is higher. But all these phenomena are economic. They do not argue, necessarily, spiritual possessions as precious.

Englishmen and Americans may do many things very efficiently in the line of ethical endeavor, where other peoples do them very inefficiently, and they yet may not be gifted with a greater amount of spiritual insight. The fruits to which they point so often may not be the proofs so much of an exceptional height of spiritual evolution attained as of a certain

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mechanical consensus of activities and energies which makes the special order of existence which they have organized for themselves, and which is not quite like that of any other body of men now in the world. Doing is not always the one thing essential to final beatitude; nor is it the same thing as being. Behold here, however, the distinction that has been the stumbling-block of the Saxon always.



IV

Anglo-Saxon Humanitarianism

SPEAKING of the humanitarian impulses which have come to so great a development in modern life, Mr. Benjamin Kidd has this to say: "No student of European history can fail to observe that throughout the whole period of our civilization there has been a gradual but continuous growth of these feelings amongst the western races; that they have reached the highest development in the period in which we are living; and that the development, and the change in character which has accompanied it, have proceeded farthest amongst the most advanced peoples." Mr. Kidd then goes on to enumerate the philanthropies of England; the five millions of pounds expended yearly in London in private benevolence alone, the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, the anti-vivisection societies, the prison reforms, the laws prohibiting infant labor in factories; and many more.

An Italian of note, a disciple of Cesare Lombroso, Sig. Guglielmo Ferrero, has meanwhile also made a study of Anglo-Saxon philanthropy. He published,

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a few years ago, the outcome of his investigation of the subject, and of kindred ones, in a book entitled, "Young Europe." The spirit in which he approached his task was eminently serious, since his main purpose—again that Latin pre-occupation!—was to awaken his countrymen to a consciousness of their social disorganization and incompetence by bringing vividly before them the healthy vitality of society in some of the northerly countries. Yet certain of the conclusions at which he arrived as regards the philanthropy of England might have seemed to native students of the topic to be characterized by a measure of Latin levity.

For what did Sig. Ferrero discover? That seven-tenths of this philanthropy were due to that "third sex" which enjoys a so exceptional position in Anglo-Saxon communities. To the busy unmarried woman, who belongs to benevolent societies and clubs, who works on committees, and who may influence legislation, Sig. Ferrero attributes by far the greater part of the manifestations recently much spoken of as denoting in those communities a notable "deepening and softening" of the sentiments of human kindness. The agitation against cruelty to animals in general, and against vivisection in particular, is, in his eyes, quite plainly her work; the expression of a feminine compassion that laps over by no means seldom into hyste-

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ria, the compassion of childless wives and mature virgins, whose innate love of children, not having the normal gratification, takes what abnormal one it can find. This observer will have it that the "third sex" is the modern instrument of the incorporated benevolence which, in former times, reached and assuaged human suffering through the monastic orders. Some such organized forces of benevolence there must always be, or society would revert to barbarism.

It is a more than useful part, it is a part of most exceeding nobility, which is played by the numerous English-speaking women whose natural sister-of-charity impulses, being denied an outlet in family affections, is released into public action. It has its drawbacks, nevertheless. The familiar figure of the energetic and philanthropic English and American spinster, or childless widow, may have done much to bring about the keener sensibility to injustice and oppression of which we all boast, and which, we feel, marks us off from other peoples; but our Italian author would have us remember that these ladies are not always well-balanced, and that not a few of the philanthropic paroxysms that seize at intervals upon England and the United States are of a very sickly sort.

So it appears that there are other ways of judging the humanitarianism of the Saxons than those which find favor in our prejudiced sight. The whole subject is

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one, indeed, about which there are a great many loose generalizations, and which might well be handled with more discrimination than is customary.

It is certain that a strong feeling toward making the poor and disqualified more comfortable and more respectable must show itself increasingly in societies organized upon democratic principles. If the circumstances of life be too hopelessly harsh and degrading for the many, too unwholesome for the body, and so crushing and disheartening that you can get no interested or moderately clear effort in any direction from the victims, the intelligent and enlightened members of a democracy will suffer by reaction in a hundred ways. A confused perception of that fact may lead, and does lead, to a large number of undertakings, tending to make the masses cleaner and purer in their persons and more orderly in their habits, which are set down as outcomes of a disinterested spirit of altruism.

Most persons are unaddicted to self-analysis, and the turbid sediment of interested motive at the bottom of some of our noblest emotions we are all of us very willing to leave undisturbed. Yet Americans repeat the statement every day that a democracy to be possible must have a certain level of ordinary intelligence in all its members; and a step further might lead us to recognize that in looking out for the betterment of

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the masses we are looking out for something which, however indirectly and at whatever length of range, will benefit ourselves.

This explanation may not seem to explain the existence of that wonderful department of sequestration and refuge for the congenitally and hopelessly broken in mind, body, or moral sense, which modern societies have instituted, and which receives a care and attention at the hands of the English-speaking societies that it perhaps has nowhere else. Men and women in superannuated decrepitude, imbeciles and drunkards, and moral madmen, cannot contribute to the progressive movement, the articulation, of society; to have places of shelter for them, to be good to them, not to be able to suffer that they should go out and in with the tides, like any other wreckage, is, then, surely a sign of an acute feeling for the claims of our common humanity.

These useless and unusable units of the community, if they cannot further the social cause, however, can hinder and delay its action by becoming centres of obstruction, or of morbid infection, or objects of the helpless, revolted pity which sucks out the courage, and the will to live and to do, from men's hearts. As the whole Western half of the race has gained in a perception of the totality of society and the infinite interpenetration of all its parts, it has begun to see—

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oh, not really to see; just to glimpse, at intervals, with spaces of blankness between;—that malformations and points of decay can no more be neglected with impunity in the social than in the physiological body. That a brutal indifference to them is revenged by the slowly but surely grinding mills of outraged gods is something which the ancient peoples did not know. As men have learned more about the physical channels through which they can reach and affect each other they have grown more self-protecting,—and less cruel. They shut apart, so far as may be, the unas-similable social elements, and they do it kindly.

So all modern societies. The only method by which it could be ascertained which of the modern societies, however, had the most sensitive humanitarian feeling in itself,—regarding such feeling, in a way, as an abstraction,—would be that of discovering where the feeling would be more or less likely to serve practical interests. If that method were followed the people whom one would have to conclude to be most sincerely imbued with the pure spirit of altruism would not be the Anglo-Saxon.

It would be, rather, the Slav. If the truly mystic temperament exist anywhere in the West at this hour, and the fervent and single desire to bring both the practical and the spiritual life of the individual into

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harmony with the Christian ideal of loving one's neighbor, absolutely, and not metaphorically, as oneself, it is in the country of Gogol, Dostoïevsky, and Tolstoy. The evidence on that point is overwhelming, and was familiar to all English and American readers some years ago, but has been rather lost sight of since the beginning of the Anglo-Saxon apotheosis. The many dissident sects of Russia, which recruit their membership from the densely ignorant and besotted ranks of the peasantry, have fallen into every species of aberration. Their history belongs not to the realm of spiritual experience, but to the medical clinic. Yet it is impossible to have any near knowledge of the Russian character without feeling that the altruism of the Slav, his pity, his sense of human solidarity, have a depth, a tenderness, and an intensity, which would redeem far greater emotional follies than those which he mixes with them.

The Anglo-Saxons, for that matter, have also been much given to religious sects of strange tenets. Parallel tables of these, and of the new sects which are constantly springing up in Russia, would probably be instructive to any person desirous of comparing the nature and extent of the spiritual manifestations of both peoples. He would, perhaps, find (relatively to the higher percentage of education, and hence of self-control, amongst Anglo-Saxons) quite so much

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hysteria and perverted emotionality in English and American as in Slavic sects, and it is to be doubted whether the comparison would otherwise issue to the advantage of the former. Can it be maintained that true brotherly charity is the most conspicuous sign of an Anglo-Saxon "religious society"? It certainly is the most conspicuous sign of every Russian sect. A charitable compatriot of Dostoïevsky who lifts a fallen and erring brother lifts him with a tenderer touch, one suspects, than an equally charitable church-member who says his prayers in English has, in general, in his fingers' ends. And, after all, the heart of humanitarianism is just there.

The counter-balancing cruelties of the Russians will be objected, and their carelessness of human rights and human justice. One of the books of Dostoïevsky which overflows with Russian compassion was written from a Siberian prison. But Russians live under an autocratic government, in a state little developed industrially, where public opinion, having no free channels of communication, cannot be made aware of itself. Those who know them best are forced, in spite of the apparent absence of an official conscience, at every moment to recognize the presence of that deeply inbred national trait which was so wonderfully illustrated in the episode of the soldiers of Skobelev stooping, as they pursued the fleeing inhabitants of a

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Turkish village, to pick up the little children whom the Turkish mothers had been compelled to abandon to their fate;—a trait which makes the doctrines of Count Tolstoy not by any means the sporadic output which they are wont to seem outside of Russia. While it would be an absurd statement that the majority of Russians were in sympathy with such doctrines, yet there is something in the Russian nature which is not antagonistic to them, a vein of soft humaneness that does not belong to any other Western people. There were landowners in Russia who held Count Tolstoy's communistic views, and practiced them, making partition of their estates amongst their peasants, years before that great writer's genius served to make his social theories prominent. The fact is not generally known, but Count Tolstoy was, in these paths, not a pioneer.

The inclination toward communism, which also is an outcome of an undeveloped social organization, affects the character of Russian humanitarianism and robs it of practical efficiency, while leaving the sentiment itself intact in its nobility. And there are of course other reasons why, while feeling much, the Russians do not always in these matters turn their feeling to useful account. So far as visible accomplishment goes, it is plain enough that Anglo-Saxon humanitarianism outranks anything Russian beyond statement.

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The bowels of compassion of many Russians may be moved without altering the condition of exiles, and prisoners, or lessening ignorance; but a relatively small seed of pity in the heart of an Anglo-Saxon may grow into a gigantic network of institutions, reformatory or eleemosynary. Organizing methods for making philanthropic impulse bear tangible fruit is a genius with the American and the Englishman, and with their desire for action and definite result it could not be otherwise. An abuse to be reformed is an obstacle to be striven against, to harden the muscles upon, after the fashion of an athlete's punching-bag.

The private institutional-charitable machinery of English and American communities reaches a larger number of cases than does similar machinery in some European countries which could be named. And yet this does not cover the whole field, nor is it enough to substantiate the assumption that the "deepening and softening" process has gone so far amongst English-speaking men as some of them would like to believe.

The truth of the matter is that there are humane men in charge of prisons and asylums and hospitals all over the world, and that there are others in such positions who are only fitted to abuse their authority. The treatment of the poor, and the sick, and the aged, and the vicious, and the helpless, conceals brutalities

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in England and in the United States as well as elsewhere. Does it conceal fewer brutalities? That is what one would need to know before being convinced of the deepening and softening. That is what one cannot know by any statistical means, and what one can only form one's judgment of in a general way by knowledge, in the large, of a people's characteristics. We may be very sure of this, that it is possible to realize the institutional necessity of clean bedding and proper ventilation, these being conditions of the public health, yet utterly to fail in true sympathy; possible to understand all about the scientific seclusion of first offenders away from habitual criminals, yet to have no particle of that broad comprehension of the human problem which gives kindness and wisdom in the dealing with all unfortunates.

Hygiene is not humanitarianism. It is not humanitarianism even when applied by the palace to the tenement five miles away. The palace may never have occasion even to see the interior of the tenement, but the latter, neglected, may breed a pestilence at the palace's door.

Ignoring theories on these matters, and opinions as to what ought to be and should be, and going by the plain testimony of direct observation, one finds oneself doubting indeed whether the middle-class or-

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der of training, education, and social life, ever can make the humanest individuals in the highest sense. And that is the order of training, education, and social life which modern democratic institutions presuppose. The individual formed by such influences certainly must desire, as has been said, to see the masses comfortable and respectable. There are fateful cases, however, where they absolutely cannot be either one or the other; and then it is, at those conjunctures, that the middle-class man fails.

The feeling of that ancient village dame who, on being invited to the Queen's palace, remarked that she was not afraid of the Queen but dare not go on account of the lackeys, may be translated in terms of the statement that the greater the elevation of the man above the luckless accidents of life the greater is also his toleration for the victims of such.) We do not love in others the things which we have hated and just escaped from ourselves. No man is harder on a particular fault than the one who recognizes that he has a bias on that side. No one is more afraid of a poor relation than the personage but newly enriched. No one is more impertinent in his treatment of sordid misfortune than the individual who has been close to the brink himself. Those same forces, working in a democratic and industrial society, which tend to raise the level of respectability and comfort for all, induce too

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often a vulgar narrowness of judgment in all material things, a tendency to make such things the test of every worth or value.

The disinterested culture of an aristocracy which has continued for generations is apt to produce, if other elements be equal, a singular distinction of attitude in these respects, which the new man, new to his comfort and his respectability, always lacks.) The poor have often a certain noble and unquestioning simplicity in the acceptance of the darkest aspects of existence which gives them an equal distinction; (a fact which Mr. Henry James recognized when he remarked that only the very poor and the very rich—the very rich in long hereditary culture and wealth, or in wisdom, or in broad and varied experience of life,—had good manners). It is a severe indictment of the modern industrial type of society if it can be proved that the finest phases of fellow-feeling only come from a total view of life. For the average individual in the industrial, democratic state does not have a total view. His soul does not ripen by tragedy on one side, nor by leisure and repose on the other. He is equally removed from both.

A more obviously weak spot in Anglo-Saxon humanitarianism is the Anglo-Saxon relation to inferior races. That, as every one knows, has been uniformly

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exterminatory and exploiting, and fundamentally brutal. And this in spite of the fact that the English administration of colonies has shown a genius for this form of government that has no equal amongst modern peoples.

Once in possession of the territory of an inferior race the English do, so far as conquerors ever did, respect the rights of their subjects. Their occupation brings order and system, and secures the liberty and safety of the individual before the law. To rule conquered races who should be the playthings of arbitrary power would be abhorrent to an Englishman. The bent back and the fawning temper disgust him. He carries himself with the grand air, when he is not at his awkwardest, and looks you well in the eye. He only respects his fellow-man who "stands up to him." It seems to be a condition of his own self-respect. Moreover, he detests insequent action and unforeseen explosions of impulse, because they interfere with the orderly mechanism of life, and with the feeling which is so strong in him of a place for everybody and everything, and everybody and everything in its place.

Now, the best mode ever devised to avoid these disturbances is to secure to every individual in a society such inviolability that his own interests will be bound up with his helping to keep the general peace-

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ful routine. The unconquerable spontaneity of the Irish nature has been the bottom cause of the Englishman's greatest administrative failure. He has never been able to follow the zig-zag, forked-lightning course of Irish thought, and the deathless, romantic emotionality of the Irish nature has irritated his nerves beyond endurance. The Englishman has lost his head over the Irishman over and over again. He has lost it from exasperation. The Irish vein of humility and flattery he has hated, and the fiery haughtiness following so unexpectedly upon it has always disconcerted him. Here was human material which would not flow into his own mould of social organization, but poured through in water at one point, evaporated in air at a second, exploded at a third. Confronted with these conditions he has parted with patience and tact and capacity. A people more pliant, less built for conquest after a massive and stiff-jointed model, would have conquered better in this case.

The Englishman has encountered no such difficulties in his later rôle as the typical white man controlling "niggers." That term of his for every race but the Caucasian is very significant. Even when the designation is not applied directly the point of view is invariably latent. The Englishman will give an equitable administration to any people whose land he "occupies," because system and justice in the conduct of

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public affairs are a necessity to him. Their absence is insufferable. The consequences of official incompetence and irresponsibility are an anarchy from which his order-loving instincts recoil, and which he has striven, mostly successfully, to keep out of his local, political, and official life for centuries. But he will never admit that there is any right possessed by alien peoples to be happy, or wise, or virtuous, *in their own way*. The possibility of their so being he does not recognize. And so he displays a total absence of moral justice toward them, however practically just he may be.

After their long domination of India the British contempt of the nature, the philosophy, the ethics of a people which had a civilization of its own when Rome was not yet,—the British ignorance of any of these things—are profound. And so far as one can see, arguing by analogy, wherever the Anglo-Saxon implants himself upon a conquered, or a merely “protected,” race the same tale will be told; there will be a magnificent agricultural and industrial exploitation, by which he will be a great gainer, though the native will be a gainer also, there will be good administration (though this be still to be proved of the American), but there will be a denial of the idiosyncrasy of the conquered, of their moral, their human *right* to evolve along lines of their own.

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There is another way of going about the business of bringing civilization to primitive or retrogressive peoples. It is the way of which, with all their rapacity and cruelty, the early Spanish colonizers on American soil had no mean inkling. The story of the Spanish missions to Mexico and Southern California does not read like the story of our own American missions to the Indians. The methods employed by the Saxon in his dealings with savages have not been such as would have touched the imagination of Chateaubriand or of Bernardin de St. Pierre. To-day there are, scattered all through the Levant, small French missions whose modest history (probably of teaching little Turks) is full of a certain characteristic charm of sunny patience, broad humaneness, and debonair philosophy which is very suggestive and captivating, and which, when it is contrasted with certain things that we know of our own missionary attitude, might well give us something to think of.

The most important historical experiment in approaching an inferior race on a footing of brotherly equality was that of the Jesuits in Paraguay. Whatever may have been the full truth about those famous "reductions," whether or not they made, with their unlimited paternalism, of the Indians, as Bastiat said, "no longer men, beings without name," it is certain that they made also of them law-abiding, industrious,

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and peaceful creatures, and lifted them without bloodshed or brutality into a state of civilization.

It is true, these differences come from a different form of religion. The original French and Spanish colonizations of America were largely inspired by religious zeal. Anglo-Saxon colonization has been mainly commercial, and contemporaneous with a universal commercial era. But, furthermore, the Catholic Church equalizes all races and men before it very much more than do the Protestant churches. Catholicism, with its powerful hierarchy, can inculcate the belief that all men, in the sight of the Church, are alike, and that any soul to be saved, black, brown, or copper-colored, is so precious as the whitest of the white. Protestantism has never proved itself able to teach the lesson with the same authority, not having the same tremendous organization standing in majestic visibility behind it.

“The benevolent spirit of the Christian morality is undoubtedly adverse to distinctions of caste. But to the Church of Rome such distinctions are peculiarly odious, for they are incompatible with other distinctions which are essential to her system. Her doctrines respecting the sacerdotal character . . . have repeatedly mitigated some of the worst evils which can afflict society. That superstition cannot be regarded as unmixedly noxious, which, in regions cursed by

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the tyranny of race over race, creates an aristocracy altogether independent of race. . . .”

When Macaulay, in addition, points out that, “where negro slavery exists, Popery appears in advantageous contrast to other forms of Christianity,” and that “the antipathy between the European and African races is by no means so strong at Rio Janeiro as at Washington,” he is observing facts that are as true now as they were when he wrote, and as they have always been since the two Christian systems have been pitted one against the other in the endeavor to bring primitive races within the pale of European civilization and European morality.

That the Paraguayan Jesuits were largely Germans and Englishmen shows how much the form of religion determines the treatment, by the civilizing people, of the people to be civilized. But the form of religion is possibly not the only reason for the contrast which always has appeared between the Anglo-Saxon position, and that of the Latin peoples, before the non-Caucasian. The first Spanish colonizers in Central and South America showed no repulsion to contact and fusion with the Indian natives. It was union of the two races, and union of the Indian with the negro, which gave birth to that degenerate half-breed population that, we are assured, will be unable to hold its own when Mr. Benjamin Kidd’s advice to the white

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man, and notably to the English-speaking white man, to take paternal control of the tropics, shall have been carried out.

Experience universally goes to prove that the white race never raises up and absorbs into itself, on its own level, more than a very infinitesimal proportion of the darker race. Nor can the most humane of civilizing processes, if the Paraguayan efforts of the Jesuits are to serve as the typical instance, prevent the gradual falling away of the tropical before the temperate race, when the lifting to that higher level is attempted too strenuously and systematically. (Under the nervous strain of new habits of sustained industry and concentrated application the lower races give out.) The diseases of the white man's civilization, which he can grapple with and often fight down, owing to that trained nerve-power that he has wrought out for himself, are fatal to the laxer organism.

What, then, it might be asked, is the use or advantage of approaching this subject of the status of inferior races "by four roads"? If it be a foregone conclusion that the white man's civilization kills out the black or brown or red man, that it is merely a question of time, that the most sympathetic interest in his welfare, and the most human acknowledgment that his soul is as good as any superior-race soul, do not perceptibly change or even retard the inevitable,

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why not adopt frankly the summary brutality and disregard of the Anglo-Saxon? If the white man condescend too much, if he be not so strongly imbued with the selfish conviction of his own supreme importance that he superposes himself upon the inefficient race without ruth, without contact moral or physical, the result for him is decay. He must dominate and exterminate, giving no quarter, showing no mercy, or be drawn into those dark undercurrents of sluggish life that still circle the earth, closer to its crust.

This alternative the Anglo-Saxon might say that he had clearly seen. And he might say that he had made his choice, and that the choice was dictated by the proud instinct of a noble race. But such an admission would be incompatible, upon its face, with any claims of disinterested and impassioned humanitarianism. And these, while in reality acting exactly contrary to them in his treatment of inferior peoples, he stoutly maintains. Nothing is more curious than this contradiction. It opens a door into the most complex places of his character.

The negro problem in the United States admirably illustrates the gap of which we are here sensible between premises and conclusions. The South has for thirty-five years been engaged in an effort to do what the Anglo-Saxons always have done, what it is always

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characteristic of them to do,—it has insisted upon its supremacy over a lower race, numerically strong enough at certain points to threaten the control of the white man, and it has done this at any hazard, without compunction, and whenever it was necessary (in its own estimation), even at the cost of the overthrow of those personal and political liberties which it is one of the profoundest instincts and matters of policy of the Saxon to uphold. This perfectly typical course of conduct has been, in the Northern States, reprobated and denounced. Its inhumanity is deemed opprobrious. Those elements in the Saxon nature which despise oppression and injustice keep rising to the surface and denouncing the crime. And in this situation we have, in a nut-shell, the eternal puzzle of Anglo-Saxon humanitarianism.

The Southern States of the Union, spotted and striped with their “black districts,” are eminently Anglo-Saxon in the spectacle which they present of the white man savagely determined to keep on top. So are the Northern States in their abomination of the spectacle. And yet, were the problem shifted to their own door, it would be inevitably presented by them, as now it is by their neighbors.

The history of the abolition of slavery at the hands of the Anglo-Saxon peoples is no argument in favor of their humanitarianism. The slave question was an

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economic question, although it enlisted, as all economic questions eventually can enlist, by a transmutation of crude and material into spiritual elements, many of the most generous emotions and the purest enthusiasms that can burn men's breasts. English Puritans drove a thriving trade in slaves for long, and thought no ill of themselves. It may be said that their descendants rose in righteous revolt against these practices with the lifting and clarifying of their moral sentiments. Yes. But it can likewise be said that the moral sentiments underwent a change when modern industrial consolidation and acceleration proved free labor far and away the more intensive instrument of production, and its substitution for bondman labor not only the right and just, but the practically imperative, course.

In any event, other Western nations have freed their slaves; but Americans and Englishmen only have established humanitarian reputations for so doing.



V

*The Religious-Commercial
Instinct*

THERE is a simple and summary explanation of this anomaly — of wishing the reputation, and not only the reputation, but also the fact, of being good, and yet the best of a bargain too; of eating one's cake and having it; — which is so striking a feature of the moral make-up of the Saxon. It was found long ago by the critics who look upon us from afar, so long ago that it is an ancient tale to us to be called hypocrites, and perhaps on that account does not make the impression upon us that it might. The Frenchman of old who hurled the term perfidious at the Englishman of his time meant it in much the same sense. It is the charge that is unfailingly brought up when two or three are gathered together to consider that "psychological paradox" which has recently given rise to some comments from M. Jules Lemaître; — the "psychological paradox" presented by a people "whose individual virtues are great," but whose "public hypocrisy is abominable, and whose national acts are often egotistical to the verge of villany."

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We do not mind these judgments; but sometimes we are surprised (and when Germans, our next of kin, call us hypocritical, a little hurt) that people should not know us better.

Nobody "knows" us, however, and we may as well realize it, when it comes to an understanding of us in this particular. The success with which we drive our self-interest and our ethical standards in double-harness is one of the things which marks us off from our kind. It confers upon us a distinction at which the world wonders without having any elucidating hypothesis to offer other than the not flattering one which has passed into a classic.

M. Jules Lemaître would probably have sundry questions to ask in pursuance of the subject. As, for example: "Why deny the straight, naked, tyrannical motive power of plain self-interest? Why send it forth with a cloak which conceals nothing, and a mask which could not deceive a child in the dark?" And he might add: "Associate it with other sentiments more elevated, if you please,—that is the whole story of man's troublous path through a mortal life which is a mere chain of linked compromises,—but don't make it the silent partner of the firm who does most of the work while the credit goes to the other fellow. There is the modern instance of colonization. Is not colonization a business scheme to the French-

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man, the Dutchman, the German, the Russian, the Italian? Is it not one to the Englishman? And to the American is it not now become one? And have not Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Germans, Russians, and Italians something to offer to primitive peoples in exchange for the privilege of trading amongst them? Are they pirates and bandits? Is not Russia the builder of great railways that open up to civilization the boundless wastes of northern Asia? Do not a handful of officials keep the Dutch possessions in the Pacific, with all their swarming natives, peaceful and prosperous? Has not France made at least one of her North-African holdings self-supporting and orderly? — But Englishmen and Americans alone talk, in these connections, of missionary undertakings. Why not be content that the colonial question should seem to be what it really is, namely a case of some good ricocheting upon others as a result of the main good to oneself? Why bear the missionary part on the palm of the outstretched hand, and keep the self-interest up the sleeve?"

Some such things as these M. Lemaître might say, only much better. And one could not blame him if he thought that up-the-sleeve prestidigitation—those acquisitive Anglo-American fingers of ours, how nimble they can be at such work, indeed!—clever, yet hardly honest. For it is certain that there is nothing

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in the mental composition of a member of the Mediterranean group of Europeans that could help him to any other conclusion.

There is such a thing, nevertheless, as not seeing your object because it is too near; and of taking hold of the wrong explanation because you are stumbling over the right one. The charge of hypocrisy is simple, but there is a solution of the "psychological paradox" simpler still, and which has, moreover, the merit of being conformable to the truth.

The Latin peoples belong to the rationalistic type of civilization. The peoples of the Germanic stock do not. They were religious, and they were sentimentalists, from their first emergence in history, and they are so now. The difference is enormous, and explains all the contrasts of which we are conscious between the two philosophies of life of these two great families; for sentiment, and mental flexibility of the sort that rationalism demands, shut each other out. Sentiment, and a strong sense of the supernatural, oppose the wakeful criticism of reason. And reason seeks eternally to rob sentiment of her rainbow colors, her alluring shadows and shifting lights, and to define the sense of the supernatural, and, by the aid of the imagination, to make it humanly intelligible.

On no point was historical testimony probably ever so unanimous as on that of Teuton sentimentality.

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The early Teuton barbarian is approached on this side and on that, and his customs are described by independent witnesses. Something bearing on his sentimentality always comes forth.

The manner in which he regarded his women is one of the significant facts, and always the best fact for purposes of illustration. "There is, in their opinion, something sacred in the female sex," wrote the first great historian of the Germanic tribes, "and even the power of foreseeing future events; the advice of the women is therefore frequently sought, and their counsels are respected." Far be the insinuation that only men rather slow of brain could think their women sacred. Nevertheless, it is certain that peoples noted for the suppleness and *finesse* of their mental operations have not thought this of the other sex, whatever else they may have thought. Nor is either view surprising. The swift intuitions of women, and their watchfulness of mute signs, developed by the relative insecurity of their position, and resulting in strong faculties of what can be called subterranean observation, may well have seemed to warlike tribes who had no time or inclination for such things little short of supernatural. The wife of some Gothic warrior who, warned herself by her woman's sense, may have, in turn, warned her lord to beware of the treachery of a false friend, may very thinkably, when the treachery

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followed, have been looked upon as a prophetess. The Alruna woman exists wherever men combine deep feeling with some lack of mental quickness. She is the psychologist where men's apperceptions of shades of conduct and emotion are not very minute or delicate. Where acumen and tact cease to be mysterious attributes of her sex, she disappears. They could not have seemed such attributes to the Greeks of the time of Pericles, for example, and it is the Aspasia that come into prominence then.

The Mediterranean peoples are inheritors of that Græco-Roman civilization, whose vital principle, the principle which was the "mother of philosophy," was liberty, and continuous activity, in the play of reason. Its deathless legacy to mankind was the assertion of the "right of reason to act from itself."

It is plain that there was little sentiment (as we understand the word) amongst the Greeks and Romans. Nor was there much of that weirdly magical imagination (the Greek imagination was of another sort) which, amongst the Germanic peoples, could carve the gargoyles of Gothic spires, and produce Faust legends and Shakespeare dramas. But there was a faculty, which no Northern people has ever owned in like degree, for co-ordinating the different phases and moods of intellectual and emotional experience, assigning to each its place, and keeping an unblinded eye

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turned inward upon the tortuous and interlacing paths taken by our battling aspirations and desires. So far as any one has ever seen clearly into this inner confusion, the Greeks saw into it; and the peoples who are the nearest heirs to their modes of thought still have a greater facility than the Germanic peoples for doing the same thing.

In one of the shrewd interludes which lighten the turgid extravagances of Herr Max Nordau, he remarks the following of the English: "The positivism of the English mind demands definite data, measurements, figures. If these be forthcoming, it does not criticise the major premises. The Englishman will accept delirious ravings if they be edited with foot-notes, and subscribe to sheer nonsense accompanied by statistical tables."

It is not the natural bias of an Anglo-Saxon to criticise major premises, as it is, for instance, emphatically the bias of a Frenchman to do. Contradictions have remained in his nature, in that of his German kinsman likewise, which to the Latin peoples, with their rationalism, are forever inexplicable. They do not understand that a man of sentiment neither follows the movements of his mind and conduct very closely nor is ever very clear about them.

The German talks so much about æsthetics; and conforms his every-day life to any possible standard

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of æsthetics so very little ! The Englishman and the American are so puritanically church-going and Sabatarian ; and put their duty, so very often, just where their interest can pick it up !

There must, thinks a Frenchman, an Italian, be a consciousness of a great internal split, a duality, in such cases. Tartuffe knew that he played a double part:—that he appeared to be a saint, and that he was in reality a low-lived liar. But it is significant that the most masterly impersonation of hypocrisy that we have, came out of the brain of a rationalistic Frenchman. Molière's hypocrite would never have been so perfect a creation if he himself had been born Eastward and Northward of the Rhine or Westward of the Channel. An Anglo-Saxon is not conscious of being a missionary with half a breath, and an excellent commercial speculator with the other half. He is not conscious of duality, of the double part which he plays. And if he be ever brought to realize it he asks, "Why not?"—He will not understand that others see an incompatibility, an illogicality, which shock them. For him no illogicality exists.

The just conclusion, then, is that there is a psychological difference between English-speaking men and others which makes that that which would be hypocrisy in others is not hypocrisy in them. They are

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sentimentalists ; (and they need not hate the name ; the very violence which they use in so doing shows how well applied it is ; a rationalist knows too well what sentiment is worth, and what it accomplishes, to consider it a term of reproach ;) and, as sentimentalists, not the best analysts of their motives and impulses.

Besides, one is always brought back to the remembrance of their empiricism. If they live at all they must live practically and actively. Another reason why they cannot always distinguish, in the haste which they make, what their true purposes are.

That they are genuinely religious is, whatever the foreigner may think to the contrary, beyond question. They believe, themselves, that they are the most religious of all the peoples of Western civilization. But here vanity misleads them, evidently. Their spiritual development is not higher than that of other Christian peoples. But there is a distinction. They are the only peoples who to-day retain the spirit of the aggressive Protestant propaganda. And this means a great deal. For their desire that Christianity shall prevail, —and not Christianity alone, but their own individual ideal of Christianity, —they are ready to fight hard. A glance around reveals no other aggressive religious militancy nearer home than the Soudan.

The Roman Catholic Church extends its propaganda tirelessly, but it is a propaganda that has lost

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the national and the fighting forms. [The Catholic countries are no longer the conquering countries. The latest attempt of Catholicism to associate itself, in an organized fashion, with the aggressive movements of modern society, we have seen in the partial and tentative support given by the Chair of St. Peter to the socialistic dreams of the laboring classes. What might come of such a policy, if systematically pursued by the Catholic Church, it would be impossible to tell. It is obvious that it would be quite in line with the teachings of a theological system that has always denied the principle of personal independence, and, in consequence, has suppressed and obliterated individual initiative in favor of the collective wisdom and strength.

What is visibly before us, meanwhile, is the active spread of the fiercely individualistic Protestant spirit on, and on, and on, over the globe. It triumphs, this Protestant spirit, this spirit of personal choice, of individual independence. It is carried everywhere by a belligerent race of men of unexhausted vitality. And these men are convinced to fanaticism, in spite of their matter-of-fact exterior, that the gifts which they bring,—their commerce, their politics, their social ideals, their own shade of Christianity,—and by no means any others whatever, mean regeneration and salvation for the whole race of man.

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At bottom it is essentially the conviction that animated the Reformation. It was a great religious movement combined with a great economic, political, and social movement. The Protestant propagandists were seeking to propagate notions of independent industry, of individual enterprise, of self-help and self-reliance, in the daily affairs of life as well as in the affairs of heaven. It does not need to be recalled that the industrial districts were everywhere, in France, in Germany, in England, the ground where the reformed ideas spread fastest. The inhabitants of those parts were energetic—industrialism everywhere represents, in the line of energy, the survival of the fittest;—and they were—their life had made them so—intelligently alive to those prudent courses of conduct that are practically wise. They knew the value of thrift, and order, and of the moderation of desires and expenses. They were not amiably inclined toward those luxurious, spendthrift classes of society which had not these virtues. They felt their own ideal of behavior to be safer for this sphere as well as for the next.

One may not go so far as Mr. Brooks Adams and assert that the Reformation was a “popular demand for a cheaper religion.” Yet one may be able to see that a form of worship which did not make the exactions of the miracle-working and indulgence-selling church of Rome upon the small hard-won earnings of the

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thrifty artisan might be endowed with an appeal of a particularly cogent sort. If the industrial districts were the fruitfulest soil for the new seed, the fact suggests that it is primarily the life of wrestling with practical problems which develops a sense of the value of personal responsibility, rather than, as is more commonly alleged, the sense of personal responsibility which primarily induces the practical virtues.

What is the sense of responsibility but a perception of the necessity of good conduct? A perception of the necessity of patience, industry, endurance, and above all, self-control? Now, these things every creature of us must work out for himself. Men who had discovered this great truth were exceptionally ready to open their minds to believe that each human being, who could only be helped by God to achieve this victory over himself, might well transact all further spiritual affairs whatever directly with Him, dispensing with the machinery of ecclesiastical intervention. All the more when the intervention was so costly a business!

Such a belief not only is the condition of the highest spiritual sense, but it is the essence of common sense. There is every reason why it should have found remarkable favor amongst the comfort-loving, yet truly religious, Saxons. And at the present hour those communities which have issued from them still

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represent the Reformation under its most typical aspects. They have preserved the sentiments, half-spiritual and half-material, that were at its core better than any people stirred by the movement, and they have preserved them longer.

But they were never able, in the beginning, to divide the religious-commercial instinct into two parts, and they never have been since. The history of the years following the Reformation is full of the most extraordinary examples of simultaneous service to God and Mammon that the world has known. The manner in which the "gospellers" of the time jumbled their business and their righteousness together in one sentence must remain the imperishable monument to that sort of achievement. Puritan slavers interspersing the accounts of their transactions with pious exhortations; Puritan fathers with a pretty taste in the trading of "sugars and rums," and an eye to the human commodities in demand in Barbadoes, on intimate terms, in the phraseology with which they described these enterprises, with the Almighty,—there has been nothing to compare with it. And it would not be safe to declare that all that had come to an end in our generation. Whenever England or America now has a particularly big trade on its hands, its rhetoric rises to the Biblical dignity.

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If the foreign critic be desirous of knowing just how this fusion and confusion of sentiments are born and bred, he has only to study the life for a brief while of the small towns and rural communities of the United States.

There he will find his next-door neighbor a full-fledged, fighting propagandist of Protestantism, and the religious feeling which has supported with its enthusiasm every move toward expansion made by the English-speaking peoples, and without the support of which the shrewdest commercialism would have had a hard road to go to reach its ends, will meet him in every other household down the block. He will learn much along these lines in towns of from five to twenty thousand inhabitants, or in New England homesteads, and on Western farms or spare Southern erstwhile plantations. These are the men and women to whom missionary Protestantism is a vital issue, brought before them at prayer-meeting; and in the church-paper; brought home to them in the words of a returned Baptist missionary to China, a Presbyterian missionary to the Alaskan Indians, a Methodist missionary to the Florida negroes, to any of whom they will listen attentively any Sunday. A vital issue, yes; and one that enlists a passionate concentrated sympathy.

Let the critic, moreover, give some consideration to

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the force which, in the United States, the religious sentiments derive from their association with the social side of life. In the remoter communities there is no experience at all of such a life except as it comes through the channels of religious societies. That is an invention which never occurred to Catholicism! It is worthy of the religion of the more practical northern peoples.

The connection of the ideas of religious zeal, and of a little exciting diversion breaking the monotony of an uneventful existence, begins with the earliest impressions of childhood, with church picnics and Sunday school strawberry-festivals. The halcyon later courting-time is bound up with unforgettable episodes of church "sociables," and memories of walks home from "meeting" under the moon. No good Saxon was ever able to amuse himself as other people do. He has not the *Gemüthlichkeit* which makes the middle-class German happy listening to his music under an arbor, with coffee or beer at hand, or the sensuousness which makes the Italian bathe in excitement through the color and movement of a *festa*.

His notions of exhilarating variety are either much more austere or very much cruder. The grosser forms of indulgence in which the Romans noticed that their barbarian conquerors drowned the empty lethargy of their unoccupied days have survived in the ruder

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race, with a taste for pleasures, and a way of taking them, that is as that of savages in the mind of the more æsthetic Southern Europeans. The jollity of Merry England was somewhat rank in flavor, and to-day the small American towns under consideration have sinks and sediments disproportionately turbid in respect of the limpidity on top. But in that crystalline limpidity the parlor-organ, with the hymns sung around it,—hymns for the most part hideous in words and music alike,—stands anchored, a type of social joys!

It is possible to be of the opinion that this association of ideas takes away from the contemplative, mystic quality of the highest religious sentiment; that it demeans and vulgarizes it. The fact remains that the marrying of religious fervor with the natural social desires and impulses is one of the reasons of the aggressive proselytism of the English and American middle classes. Those middle classes are the overwhelming majority, and they are ready because of this association of ideas, to conduct missions, and wage wars (if it be good business), not only for the propagation of the religious beliefs and forms which are the source of their deepest spiritual experiences, but for the spread of the social beliefs and forms which seem to symbolize those greater things.

When the American farmer, from Maine to Kansas,

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reads about the beneficent control of his countrymen at the equator, and makes up his mind that they should bring liberty and enlightenment to benighted races, what he makes up his mind to also is that it is time that the people down there were brought to American "ways." American—to wit, respectable—ways of doing business, eating, drinking, dressing, marrying and giving in marriage, and walking on top of this round earth generally.

Of course if the average Anglo-Saxon be remarkable for making no distinctions between self-interest and altruism, it is only a part of a prevailing indifference to firm distinctions of any kind in mere ideas. He likes to know with the utmost accuracy the constituent elements of tangible, material objects, and no detail of the realities, in any department, escapes him. But with distinctions in thought and motives it is another matter; for these last lead up into the philosophies, into the regions where phenomena are seen in their inter-relations, infinite and complex. A sharper distinguishing faculty than Englishmen and Americans bring to bear on the practical problems does not exist. But it is not to be gainsaid at this late day that the highest critical faculty—the faculty which grasps the total of a given group of manifestations and contrasts it with other groups—is not theirs. The long train-

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ing of centuries in a free play of reason, the "reason acting from itself," has been denied to them. The great body of philosophical criticism which could be made up from the riches of French literature is over-set in English literature, in other respects often so much richer than the French, against a few bare names. The habit of action, and attention to the realities, have drawn away the mind from the field where the highest criticism of life is achieved, and the mental processes which such criticism calls into play are stiff from dis-use. Human reason was told to act, to test all things for itself, to take no one's word for it, at the Reformation. But as a stimulant to its activity in the realms of abstract thought the Reformation was a failure. M. Guizot but observed what many others have seen when he wrote that in all Reformed countries something was lacking to the perfect organization of intellectual society, and to the free circulation of general ideas.

And here, by the way, is to be found the cause of all that vague, inconsequent metaphysical yearning which, with apparent contradiction, runs, like a vein in a rock, up through the solid unspeculativeness of the Saxon nature. Nowhere are so many persons of sound intelligence in all practical affairs so easily led to follow after crazy seers and seeresses, and after new "psychic" doctrines of every known and unknown degree of

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wildness, as in England and the United States. The tenets of the Russian religious sects are at least free from the pseudo-scientific pretensions which constitute the chief absurdity of American and English metaphysical churches, healing-societies, and the like.

The truth is that the mind of man refuses to be shut out absolutely from the world of the higher abstractions, and that, if it may not make its way thither under proper guidance, it will set off even at the tail of the first ragged street-procession that passes. If no habit has been formed of making discriminations, of separating the genuine from the false, there will be sad mistakes made, evidently. And we shall continue to see business men not to be "taken in" by the sharpest in the management of their daily interests, not to be deceived in the quality of any material goods offered to them, sitting, ingenuous and receptive, under the jargon of some foolish woman with a claim to a newly-revealed cure for all the ills of the body and the soul.

And the upshot?—In the aggregate, with all his lack of critical faculty, no harm comes to this order of man. His brain, as to the abstractions, is never clear, is always in a fog; but he works, and he fights if need be, and he goes on without ceasing in the thing which he has undertaken, and he succeeds. He succeeds because he never questions that he is right all through, and takes much of the proof on faith.

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Who cannot feel the power which goes out from such a mental stand as that? A rationalistic modern Frenchman, debating his motives, cynical as to his virtues, philosophizing his errors, doubts and is lost. This newer type of man does not debate, is by no means doubtful of his own virtue, and never philosophizes, not finding it easy work. And he is invulnerable, and everything goes down before him.

That trait of his which is called hypocrisy, but which is not hypocrisy, only a confusion of ideas and feelings, is the direct cause of one half of his impressiveness. The day on which he loses it will be a day of disaster, however much the loss may raise him in the estimation of philosophers. When he is a "hypocrite" no longer he will have but half his present energy, but half his present audacity, but half his present magnificent here-I-stand-on-my-two-feet-planted.

Said Voltaire:

Le raisonner tristement s'accrédite;

On court, hélas! après la vérité:

Ah! croyez-moi, l'erreur a son mérite.

It has.



VI

The Higher Civilization

WILL, energy in action, and the habit of self-determination, combined with the sense of individual liberty, of personal independence,—that last “the great Teutonic legacy to the world,” — are the peculiar qualities, morally speaking, which have made the Anglo-Saxon people great. Those things did not drop down out of the skies. They grew up out of the environment, such as it had been made physically by nature and socially by history, and out of a certain special manner of reacting against outside conditions which chanced to become at first perhaps a fashion, and eventually a custom, a convention, amongst the men who were to build up the Anglo-Saxon civilization. National moral traits of this sort are century-old growths; even as century-old must be those paramount desires which give, in this people or in that, a special direction to physical and spiritual activities, before such desires can truly operate as formative forces.

The desire for bodily comfort is the paramount desire which has made the Saxon's civilization. He is

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willing to do the hardest work to secure it. He does not fail to keep his eye on it even when his love of adventure takes him quite out of the lines within which comfort is usually sought. We know that much of his sturdy independence has been in the interest of comfort; that he was, at times in his history, willing that others should rule provided he were let alone in his private capacity, there being no comfort equal to that; but that he always asserted himself with unequivocal vigor when there was danger of encroachment on his right so to be let alone. In fine, we know that this comfort which he wants, and has learned so excellently to supply himself withal, is what everybody, in some measure, now wants, so that he is, both in the main motive of his economic life, and in the various ways in which he attains its fulfilment, representative of the strongest present drift of the world.

We say that everybody now wants the bodily comfort that the Saxon insists upon having, but it is not strictly so. There are societies which have grown up with other paramount desires at the heart of them. Amongst the Mediterranean peoples the desire to make the merely social intercourse of men a thing which would yield peculiar satisfactions of its own, and also peculiar enlightenments and stimulations, has been such a desire. You may call that, too, a na-

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tural aspiration after comfort, if you will; but not after bodily comfort. It is an aspiration, rather, after the conditions which make mental comfort possible.

It is easy for Americans and Englishmen to feel the value of will, energy in action, and self-determination, for these things serve the paramount desire of the Saxon, they help to give him what he so much cares for. But social intercourse between man and man and man and woman they do not serve. They stand, in fact, in the way of a civilized social life, as the peoples who have inherited the views of the Greeks on the subject of social life understand the term. You may enjoin upon an English-speaking youth to be self-reliant and energetic, and clinch your injunction by telling him that so to be is to be, in the natural course of events, prosperous and respectable. But to be prosperous and respectable will not, to a French youth, seem a complete and ideal state to be striven for, without more. It is not, by any means, that he will not have been taught to care for wealth and success, but that he will have drawn in with his mother's milk a presumption that they are desirable *because* they provide social alliances, rich and complex ties with the social environment, *des relations*, to use his word. That situation, — the situation of having many *relations*, some of the world, some of the heart, some of the intellect, or the soul; *relations*

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which are cultivated with deliberation and assiduity; and which are regarded as supplying the human being with an opportunity to gain a knowledge of the infinitely suggestive development of which the purely social part of him is capable,—that situation, to the Frenchman, is the end-in-itself to which wealth and material success are merely the means.

On this distinction, between the fundamental formative desire of the Latin civilization,—to secure mental ease through the play of the social activities of men,—and the fundamental formative desire of the Anglo-Saxon civilization,—to secure comfort for the body,—hinges nothing less than the greatest social question before the world to-day.

“Put on energy and self-reliance,” the reformers of the Latin nations say to their patients: “be practical” (as a man is advised to change his coat). “It is true that, after you have put them on, you will not find that they are of much help in promoting the strictly social relations. But of what use is the high elaboration of such relations? Of none in the world! The sooner you give up that end-in-itself the better. Learn, rather, to see what a superb end-in-itself a Standard of Comfort for the body may be! It is the means of attaining independent self-respect, whatever the class in life to which you may belong. It gives point to the sense of the rights of the individual. It stimulates eco-

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conomic enterprise. It furthers great national expansion."

And if, obstinately, the patients should object: "Yes, we have heard all that. But do the Standard of Comfort for the body, and the energy and self-help of individuals, make for the Beauty of Life? Do they admit that dependence may not be quite unknown as a means of grace? Do they admit that manifold ties and inter-relations, if they bind, may also loose, in a spiritual sense? That they may have secrets to teach, which men, if they are to come into full possession of all their faculties, cannot afford unknowing to pass by?" If, I say, the patients should make these objections, the reformers would cry more loudly than before: "No! Self-reliance, independence, and a care for bodily comfort certainly do *not* concern themselves with any of these things; for these things belong to a philosophy of life which to-day is discredited! The life-philosophy of the rationalistic, social, æsthetic Mediterranean peoples must go. *It has served its day.*"

There we have the gist of the matter. Our finger is on the point which makes the problem of a rejuvenescence of Frenchmen and Spaniards and Italians and Greeks, not only one of life and death to those peoples themselves, but one of vital moment to the race. We are fully aware that the rationalistic, social, æsthetic life-philosophy seems to have served its day,

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so far as present utility goes. But the much deeper-going implication of the teachings of sociologists of the Anglo-Saxon school is, that it must be thought of as having served its day *for all time*.

Put in that way the question rises to a different level of importance. This is a struggle of ideas, and one which is eternal. The sudden elevation of the group of peoples which best embodies the one idea, the gradual political abasement of the group which long has embodied the other, have focussed the struggle, which, in the latent state, never ceases. Germany, for various reasons, cannot, as we have seen, be classed either as amongst the representatively practical or the representatively æsthetic peoples. Russia—the next maker of a great civilization, perhaps; the coming power, which can afford to wait; the supplanter, possibly, the looming menace, which the instincts of such Saxons as Mr. Rudyard Kipling prophetically hate and fear;—is still undeveloped, inchoate, with phases before her not to be predicted. This position of the German and the Slav throws the critical interest of the social question of the present into the issues at stake between the Saxon's and the Latin's civilization. They are issues so grave that one is warranted in wishing that one might have the leisure to think them over, to weigh the evidence on both sides. Yet that no leisure is given to one, that we are all being

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hurried, pressed, from every quarter, to regard the understanding of life which the Saxon shows, and the way of life which he has chosen, as possessing the everlasting sanctions, and the understanding and way of the social Latin peoples as representing a worn-out system, rejected by experience, and repudiated by heaven, is one of the plainest facts of contemporary history. Political events take place which seem to reveal with a kind of brutality the incompetence to which that system must nowadays reduce a people. And corroboration pours in right and left, from near and far sources.

You talk to a French engineer who has been building a railway in French China. You hear his discourse upon the companions employed with him, young men carefully brought up, intelligent and ambitious, but hard to keep fit in the new, isolated existence, where there are no *relations*, and a man must dig his resources out of himself. "They sicken, morally and physically, these fellows; they need papa and mamma! I had good results from bringing them together once or twice a week, keeping them laughing, making them amuse themselves and each other, in spite of lack of amusement. Then all would go well. If not, you understand? —no." And the troops who give their protection to the workers amongst hostile natives; the French peasant soldiers, dragged unwilling away from their fields and their farms, and half-dead with homesickness:

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with them it is the same story. They lose their good humor, and, with the good humor, courage and interest in the duty to be done. The Gallic sally at the right moment will hearten them again; they will fight to the death under a leader with the gift of Gallic *entrain*; they will fail where fighting merely means stolidly doing what is expected of them. It is the social note that must be struck—*Français, du haut de ces pyramides*—if you want the vibration.

Compare with all that the familiar career of the Englishman, fighting, trading, prospecting, ten thousand miles from home, making his living as a matter of course, and not complaining about it, ignorant of extremes of elation or depression, and good for an indefinite amount of endurance in conditions of continuing monotony. Read such songs as those of that "poet of the people," who rose to some notoriety in Paris a few years ago, Aristide Bruant, songs in which are depicted the melancholy-mad torments of the little French infantryman in Africa.

*Le soir on rêve à la famille,
Sous le gourbi,
On souffre encor quand on roupille,
A Biribi.**

.
A Biribi on d'vient féroce

*The French soldier's name for Africa.

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.
On aim'rait mieux, quand on s'appelle

C'qu'on a subi, —

*Voir son enfant à la Nouvelle **

Qu' à Biribi.

Then read Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads."

The significant feature about Mr. Kipling's heroes of the Line is not their swagger, we must remember. The Anglo-Saxon soldiers are no braver than other soldiers. The history of every race is filled with exploits as intrepid as their own. Their staying quality is what singles them out from the troops of the social peoples; the quality of hanging on without going internally to pieces when one day follows another in blankness like the rain coming down on the roofs. These are men who can do without associations. The sons of the social races, torn apart from the familiar centre, bleed at every vein.

Here, truly, are different orders of preparation for the economic struggle which is the epic contest of modern times!

Though so much has recently been made of the picturesqueness of our industrial conquests over outside barbarism,—Mr. Kipling, with the intuition of genius for the romantic, the poetic, in the common-

* New Caledonia.

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place, leading the way,—we should not be deceived. The colorful, pictorial episodes of the white man's work beyond the line of civilization are to the work itself like the embroideries to a homespun frock. The work is dull, hard, monotonous drudgery; grinding and uninspiring in itself, a trudge through sandy wastes of ennui. That which makes the work of the man who is of the Saxon descent so good at such passes is that he can accept the ennui dispassionately. And it is his comparative indifference to the sweetness and the power of associations which renders him so willing to be bored. It is his deafness to the call of those more intimately social satisfactions which members of the elaborated social systems have knowledge of, and which they miss so terribly when cut off from them.

The United States have, perhaps, the extreme type of the individual whose career is marked by deadness to all the solicitations of life, except at the one nerve-centre where he feels the world with passion. The typical American economic geniuses, as they began to swim within the ken of the public in the last forty years of the nineteenth century, are supreme examples of minds responsive to one chord only. The excitement of money-making on the gigantic scale of the princely manipulators may outrank all other excitements in intensity. But no other, when it reaches the topmost pitch, is so exclusive; shuts off a man so

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completely from the larger number of the sources of sympathy and interest which give value to existence; is so unhuman. In the exercise of their chosen function life holds no ennui for these great representative money-makers; but outside of that all of life is one vast ennui; is of a flatness and tameness unthinkable to a man who has the heritage of the Latin sociality. They offer opportunities for the most curious, the most novel, psychological studies, these economic geniuses of the special American order. So apparently unrelated, in any living, breathing way, to the world about them, save through the channel of their one absorbing occupation; so patient of the tedium which seems, to men of another temperament, to envelop, save upon that one line, all their days and years; they are a huge protest, a protest pushed to the last limit, against the idea which would make the multiple and sensitive connections of the man with the social environment a matter of essential importance.

But the life of to-day is rich in these protests altogether. The would-be regenerators of the Latins can pick up arguments by the handful to persuade them, and us, that a belief in the need of such connections is empty folly. For while the regenerators seem to be, and are, intent upon more visible ends, upon questions, for their countrymen, of direct economic or political expediency, yet it is upon the life-phi-

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losophy underlying those transient aspects that their blows really fall. And the English-speaking moralist who looks upon the evolution of the Anglo-Saxon peoples as a stupendous object-lesson vouchsafed by a Higher Power in order that the races of the earth may learn what mode of life they must pursue to reach the highest destinies, is hitting hard in the same direction: he likewise is pronouncing condemnation upon the yearnings of men for the enlarging of their nature through their specifically social faculties.

Now, that moralist's point of view, already alluded to,—and passed over at the time,—shall we subscribe to it?

The successful Anglo-Saxons have not regarded the social gifts of man as likely to lead to anything worthy, or even serious; to æsthetic claims they have bent a very cool ear; they have not troubled themselves much about grace, or beauty, or charm. Instead of all this, they have cultivated the practical virtues, and physical ease and respectability; and worshipped God in a Puritan spirit. It is, without doubt, a strong case for those who feel that the race has at last learned all that it needs to learn as to the path which it must tread to come to a good end. And yet the solution of the riddle of mankind's fate is probably not so simple, by any means. It may be permitted to one to insist, in spite

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of pressure, that there are many matters to be considered before one can give an unqualified adhesion to the Calvinistic doctrine that the theory of life which has been adopted by the Saxon has been from all eternity pre-ordained to glory, and its rival to damnation.

And first, why speak and write of the status of the English-speaking nations as if it represented a civilization already ripe, rounded, finished, and perfected; a final stage reached, from which nothing could be taken away, and to which nothing could be added? If we start from such a mistake we may come out anywhere. There is nothing final about the Anglo-Saxon civilization. The last word in the Anglo-Saxon evolution has not been said. Strictly speaking, we have perhaps not even neared the epoch of our true civilization; we are perhaps very far from it.

It would be an advantage if we were not compelled to use the word in the lax fashion, and with the wide latitude of implication, that are customary. We might gain something in clear thinking if it were practicable to make a distinction between civilization and material progress, instead of treating the terms as having the same meaning. Material progress is not necessarily civilization, though civilization pre-supposes a measure of material progress.

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In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries all Europe was under the spell of the Italian spirit. The painters of Italy, her poets, her statesmen, her goldsmiths, and her weavers, carried over the world the influence of Italian thought and taste. A little of the Italian intelligence in the things which make life beautiful went to polish the wits and soften the manners of all the ruder peoples. Before that period there had been some notable centuries during which the commercial republics of Italy ruled the Mediterranean and the Adriatic by the power of their trading operations. The economic development of Venice and Genoa was so great and far-reaching, considering then existing means of transportation and distribution, as that of the English-speaking nations is now. The Italians of the North had invented the consulate, banking, and exchange. The greatest traders of later times have only perfected their commercial machinery. So identified in the popular mind of the times were the Lombards with the banking institution that a banker was called a Lombard, a usage of which the trace still survives in the nomenclature of famous London and Paris streets. Venetian ducats and Florentine florins were the standard coins of Europe. Venice was powerful enough, at a given moment, to change a crusade into a sack of Constantinople, and to direct the policy of the entire Western world. Many signs of a period of material prog-

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ress are present in the Italy of the thirteenth century. Yet, even though some of her foremost geniuses in letters and the arts appear in the next century, the great period for her, the hour of her splendid efflorescence in the sight of the world lies still two hundred years ahead. The time when all Europe recognized her leading force was not the time when her commercial expression of herself was most exclusive, not the time when her material progress most forced itself upon the attention. It was the time, rather, when a feeling for the beauty that is to be got out of human life by the exercise of the social and the artistic faculties had so diffused itself throughout the population that the land and its inhabitants were become an embodied teaching of the value of the æsthetic instinct.

When we follow the development of the peoples who have most influenced their kind, we find—though with more or less of distinctness—invariably this first and this second period: the period of material progress, when energy is occupied with the economic foundation of existence, and the period of civilization, properly called, when the whole population, in some degree, enters into the feeling of what *civility* is, what it means.

And it means this: a coming into highly complex social relations—not commercial, not economic, not institutional, but purely and particularly social rela-

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tions — with one's fellows; a system of nicely-poised checks and balances designed to remove external roughnesses from such intercourse; a perception that daily living can be made a pleasant thing; and, mingling inextricably with all this, and growing up side by side with it, a general understanding of beauty, and thirst for æsthetic satisfactions.

A people can be steeped up to the lips in material comfort and industrial greatness, and not have a faint notion of what civility is, in this sense. It may walk righteously before God, and have a high system of ethics; and yet it may not know nor care what civility is. But peoples who have long preserved their existence as separate national entities, and gone through an orderly process of growth, tend almost infallibly to give to the principles of pure civility an ever greater weight, as time goes on.

There have been civilizations (since we lack the words for a proper differentiation of these phases of the life of peoples) which have never passed beyond the material stage. The Phœnician civilization, in spite of such art as it had, was of this order. The Chinese civilization has been. But the truly great civilizations — the higher civilizations — are stamped with another stamp. The most perfect example of these higher civilizations that the race has seen was that of Greece. And the signs by which we know it are, what? We

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know it by the æsthetic quality which it insisted on bringing into all the activities and relations of life. We know it by the harmony into which it insisted that man should develop every part of him. And we know it by its infinitely delicate research into those artistic impulses that lead upward from the emotions. And by, to sum up, that wonderful play of free intellectual speculation over the entire range of life, which dared to attack all problems,—the highest spiritual problems even as the most concretely practical,—and to make “man the measure” of each, because, precisely, the Greek had had, from the first, a feeling (and it was a feeling distinctly æsthetic in its nature) that man, in his ideal presentment, was noble enough for any function.

If there be an opinion which looks upon such inflation of man as presumptuous, it must, nevertheless, allow that to be presumptuous, in this fashion, is an ever-latent danger for the race. Where men climb to prosperity they usually show, sooner or later, a decided inclination to turn away from their absorbing concern with the mere business of living, and to indulge themselves with eager and curious speculations as to the “why” of life, and still more eager, if not more curious, experiments as to how to make life most agreeable. There comes in the evolution of all human societies that well-defined moment at which, a certain rela-

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tive condition of well-being having been reached, a demand for the more delicate enjoyments asserts itself imperatively. It craves fruition, without the cost of too much physical exertion, or too rough contact with the realities.

Whatever natural laws or rhythms may be searched for in the rise or fall of peoples, this law certainly stands forth clearly. It controls societies because it controls each individual. Aristocracies die out, like trees, from the top, for no other reason. Unless their ranks are constantly recruited from the still intellectually and æsthetically incurious classes below them, — classes who are active, and who love the realities, who take delight in facing and circumventing them, — the aristocracies perish from inanition. Whole peoples may fade away by the operation of the same decree.

There is no means known to man by which he can here oppose the edict of nature. He cannot live out his life and think it out also. He cannot be active and reflective at once. He must make his choice. If he choose to live well and prosperously, he has little strength or time left over to cultivate the incorporeal occupations. If he choose to be a perfectly free intellectual being, the material basis of existence is taken away from under him. As his speculative faculties unfold, his vital energies and his will lose their elasticity and their grip. "To feel and to think are only to hold oneself from

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speaking and acting," says Bain. It must always be either short views and strong, rapid action in consequence, or long views that open endless possibilities before the eyes, and make the man wiser than his fellow, but that induce so many pauses in him before he can move that, in this paralysis of the will, he is unable to cope with the changing conditions that the reality is constantly making around him, and falls by the way.

This law of the development of peoples by which, unless they pass into the stage of intellectual curiosity and of æsthetic experimentation,—with all that the stage implies of diffused intelligence in the masses of the population as to what makes living pleasant,—they fail to reach true civility, and yet by which, if they do pass into that stage, they are bound to relax their grasp on the realities, and, in their intellectual and æsthetic speculativeness, to lose the taste for plainer problems (and, therefore, strength to work and power to endure),—may well be pondered when ethical economists hold up the civilization of the Saxon as an object-lesson for the race at large.

Most true it is that, as he stands to-day, the Saxon is giving a few of the greatest ethical, as well as many practical, lessons to the world. What his ethics teach is this: "To know what life is you must live it, face it squarely, take hold of it with both hands, shoulder its

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burdens, without asking whether they are pleasant or unpleasant, exactly as they present themselves. Do the Will, in short; and—perhaps—you may learn of the Doctrine. But do the Will, in any case. And the Will is that a man shall tell the truth, and have some care as to the purity of his ways, and not wish for strange gods, nor juggle with intellectual phantasmagoria; and, above all, that he shall depend on his own resources, and help himself."

But how long will the Anglo-Saxon keep this ethical code? What may he be teaching to-morrow?

What course lies before him? What is his future? In his character of an empire-builder, of a maker of civilization, he has but a short past behind him. He is new to the work. He is just beginning. He is in his economic phase. Will that phase persist? Or will it pass into the phase of social and æsthetic ideals?—Is the Saxon's civilization to stop, as the Phœnician's stopped, as China's stopped? Is it to be an arrested growth? Will he retain the virtues (some of which helped to preserve the Chinese empire intact for four thousand years) that distinguish him now? Will he continue to be industrious, hard-working, content with his own scheme of customs and morals, contemptuous of those of others?—Or will he part with some of his rigidity, and admit within his walls the systems and philosophies of others as having, perhaps, some vir-

of China
life

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tue in them, some chance of being as good as his own?

However these questions may be answered, he has not now the higher civilization. For let us not blur the issue. The higher civilization, although Matthew Arnold is almost alone in reminding us that it is so, softens existence. It does not soften it alone for the body of man, but it softens it—and very especially, very much more than for the body,—for the brain, and the social functions. This is the mark of the higher civilization, when—in some degree—all classes of the population feel the softening. The poor may be very poor, the middle classes narrow, inequalities of station and limitations of opportunity may be great. But when all members of the social body have learned how to approach their fellows, when there are open roads from top to bottom of the nation through which good manners pass from one class to another, then the higher civilization has been attained. Riches, commerce, power, genius, will not give the higher civilization where those open roads are not.

And they are not in England, they are not in America. Our existence is not softened to us in that sense. Democratic though the Saxon political organization be, humanitarian though we claim to be, we are without this form of humane democracy: the equalization of all men in the æsthetic feeling for gentle manners. Class grinds against class with us, jarring against re-

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pellent angles, and there is no common ground, made by the true address of civility, where the one class may meet the other and know it to be human.

The Anglo-Saxon can say that he has the higher civilization, notwithstanding. That he has it without the diffused æsthetic sense which makes living a pleasant thing; that he has it without the homogeneous medium of civility of manners for all classes; but he is emptying words of the meaning which they have always held, and substituting arbitrary interpretations of his own. He is giving the lie to the experience of mankind, and cutting away the foundation of any possible understanding. The higher civilization implies a developed ethical code; and it implies material activity and advance; but it also implies, and one cannot gain-say that it primarily implies, by the agreement of the world, these lighter things that weigh so heavy.



VII

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WHEN the charge against the social, the æsthetic ideal of human life is, then, made so loudly and with so much assurance, and sociologists and moralists of the Anglo-Saxon school postulate that it is a totally worthless ideal, and has so been proved for all time by the success of the branch of the human race which, in latter days, has troubled itself least about it, it is impossible not to have in mind that, whatever the civilization of English-speaking men may prove at the present, we cannot know what it may prove in the future. If it be a question of balancing life-philosophies against each other, the evidence yielded by the Saxon in favor of that which he has espoused can be looked upon as no more than a chronological accident. What he has achieved up till the present moment, stupendous a development though it be, is not the higher civilization, as mankind has always understood the higher civilization. And if he shall, in time, pass into the higher state of civility, nothing is more certain than that the object-lesson which he then will give

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to the world will not be the same as that which he gives to it now. Passing into that state will mean setting a greater value on the social relations, and a greater price on the purely æsthetic faculties. And with that change will come, of necessity, a parting with some of the staunchness of Puritanism, and a loss of some of the utilitarian spirit. The Standard of Comfort will not quite then be a thing to conjure with, as now! For the formative desire at the heart of the English-speaking peoples will have experienced some notable modifications.

If the law be irresistible which causes normal, average beings or societies that are not stunted in any natural organ to tend toward the hedonistic, the pleasure-seeking activities once the material needs are satisfied up to a passable pitch (and the Anglo-Saxon is certainly not prepared to-day to declare that he is stunted in some of his organs, and that the industrial civilization of the Chinese would be good enough for him, in perpetuity), of what genuine significance are the deductions drawn from the career of the Saxon peoples, so far as they yet have gone? The conclusions, ostensibly throwing the brightest light on the gravest, the most vital social problems, which many present-day thinkers have come to as a result of pondering on the worldly good fortune of Englishmen and Americans, taken in conjunction with their religious-prac-

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tical system of conduct, are not so illuminating, after all.

The Saxon is young. Set over against the Græco-Latin civilization the advantage which he has is often the advantage of youth. No less; but also no more. The difference of which an attentive observer is conscious between a man of the highest culture and intelligence who has the Saxon blood and training, and a Frenchman of the same culture and intelligence, is often as the difference between a high type of individual who had lived mostly in the country, and an equally high type of individual who had lived mostly in towns. Something that speaks of the nearness of the soil is in the physical strength of the one; something of the fields is in his fresh exuberance of vitality, and in his clean, stiff modesty and moral shamefacedness. It is the city-past, on the other hand, with which the other affects our sense, and we have, in talking to him, the feeling that long-accumulated, complicated urban experiences are reaching us through him.

But we may be quite sure that he does not feel that his is either an empty or an idle existence because it is not filled with the peculiar vitality of, let us say, the American's life. Indeed, the latter's tireless energy seems to him expended on ends that, upon the whole, are not worth while. The daily drama of existence interests an intelligent Frenchman as it does not interest

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the American. It interests him differently. It suggests more analogies, and more psychic mysteries to him, because the play of action, which alone fascinates and absorbs the American, is a combination of signs that masks the infinitely more complex movements of minds and souls behind it. An interest in action simply for its own sake appears to the Frenchman puerile. "They are children," said Forain, the caricaturist, of the Americans, after a visit to the United States. Now that is what most Americans have, at some time, said of the Mediterranean peoples. Yet the Americans have, sooner or later, thought it necessary to reverse the judgment. They have reversed it when they found themselves unexpectedly face to face with depths and reserves in the Latin nature down which they could not sink their plummet. These are crafty and deceitful peoples, they have then remarked. But it is not so. They are peoples who have lost their ingenuousness through long knowledge of the nature of citified man; that is all. And though some of their members may cry out just now that they would gladly exchange such knowledge for the muscles, and the faith, and the fresh sentimentality of the peoples who are closer to their beginnings, and have their race still to run, perhaps the assertion is not wholly to be believed. The typical Frenchman, at least,—the modern Greek—is convinced that to do much, and to

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speculate very little as to why, or how, one does it, is but "agitation in space;" a thing without form and void.

All the younger peoples who have been confronted with the older civilizations in the course of history have played, in essential respects, the part of the Saxon to-day. The same moral was pointed from their virility. Nations in which what may be called the era of physical acquisition has been accomplished, and which have settled their empirical problems after some fashion, and become fixed in conventions that do away with both the need and the opportunity for personal initiative, have always been materially at a disadvantage before some strong young race which was forging to the front, courageously accepting the crude realities and the hardships of life. And that race has always been pronounced the "moral" people, which is the haunting peril on the horizon of so many national "decadences."

Without going far afield, thought may conceive of a time when what the partly disintegrated and wholly uncoördinated remnants of the Græco-Latin civilization now are the Anglo-Saxon civilization may also chance to be. And, perhaps, what the soul of man will have gained as a light to its stumbling steps from the object-lesson on which moralists are erecting so mighty a scheme of final ethics, will be just what it has

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gained from the history of other great civilizations, and no more: no final word at all, alas, as to the royal road which leads to salvation, but an illustration, on the one hand, of certain virtues to be diligently emulated, and, on the other, a teaching of aberrations to be corrected and of deficiencies to be made good.

One pregnant reply is offered, however, to the opinion that the English-speaking peoples are now more moral than others only because they are younger. If one be disposed to believe that, with the maturing of their civilization into the higher social and æsthetic phase, all the present disquisitions about them will go up into air like pricked bubbles, and that they will be like all other great civilizations, one is opposed by a serious objection.

There are two ways only in which men can conceive of life and of their place in the midst of it. Unless the human being be content to exist like a jellyfish, without any more sense of adaptation to his surroundings than that which may come of absolutely passive rising and sinking with the waves, he must react upon his environment, and decide the attitude which he will hold toward his fellowmen and the universe, in one of those two ways. He must develop the powers in himself, of which he is conscious, that seem to

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make him as good, as free, as fair, and as unafraid, as are the cosmic forces around him, and therefore think of himself as indeed the measure of all things, and of the expanding of every one of his faculties as of the first importance; and that was the Greek way. Or he must, in a deep consciousness of being in himself imperfect, and out of harmony with the law and order of things, reach out beyond himself for the principle of virtue and activity, and find it in the supernatural; and that was the Hebraic way. The one makes the rationalistic, the social, the æsthetic, civilizations. The other makes the religious civilizations (in the narrower meaning of the term religious), the more practical, and (much of a paradox though it may seem) also the more sentimental civilizations.

All nations and peoples pass through steps in their growth in which, first, with the practical, the more rigidly moral qualities make their appearance. Without these they could not form into an orderly, coherent state, or reach a solid organization. And those necessary preliminaries are followed, with whatever degree of perfectness, by the æsthetic development. But the one phase and the other are, ultimately, under the influence of the preferably Greek, or preferably Hebraic, way of considering life, which may early have got itself implanted in the people by a commingling of determining physical and social causes. And, to an extent, that ulti-

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mate influence makes itself felt, whatever the stage of development through which the people may be passing. It is easy enough to define the moment when, in the development of the Greeks, the world-conscious Hellenic aspirations took the place of the antecedent local, narrow, city-state ideals; easy to see when the Greeks began to care less for the arrangement of their every-day life decently and in order, and more for beauty as an abstraction. Still, there never appears a moment, as one looks backward, even to the rudest Greek beginnings, when the preoccupations which are the distinguishing signs of the great æsthetic civilizations are not present in some measure to the Greek mind, are not an object of desire. The early Dorian was the Puritan element, in a sort, of Greek life, but it soon passed, for better or worse, into the main stream of the Athenian. And Athens from the first was concerned for the physical loveliness of the human being, and for a system of intercourse by which men could approach each other with amenity, with mental comfort. And Athens adored the reason which knows.

So did those later peoples along the borders of the great inland sea whose structure was built up out of the thinking over again of the thoughts, in a way, and the acting over again of the actions, of the Greeks. Italy and France establish their economic ground-work of prosperity by attention to the practical problems.

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But even at that material period the reason which knows is adored, and there is no instant when the social qualities are not an object of desire.

And yet the reason which obeys, which was first apprehended by a small and politically insignificant Asiatic people to the east and south of Ionia, makes its way steadily through the rise and fall of the rationalistic-æsthetic European civilizations; and the history of the last two thousand years is mainly the history of its conflict with the reason which knows, and of its gradual triumph over it. It makes its way, this reason which obeys, by infiltration, through the aid of Greek dialectics, into the classic civilization; it works amongst the Teutonic peoples, who had emerged from their Northern fogs and forests with a mystic reverence for the unknown worn deep into the grooves of their nature; and it shows, at the Reformation, just how far it had gone, and what force it had gathered to itself. To-day it lends its dye to all the philosophy that we have. Since Immanuel Kant put his life-work into demonstrating that we must limit the pretensions of the reason which knows, and assure the rights of the reason which compels, we have all embarked in the same boat. We will have naught of the rationalistic life-philosophy.

Some of those who perceive all this, and yet who feel assured that Englishmen and Americans, from the

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beginning essentially Hebraic in their civilization, will turn, must turn, more Greek, here are tempted to paint a splendid picture. They have a vision of that Anglo-Saxon future upon which they enlarge somewhat in this wise: "We shall surely go the road along which other great civilizations have travelled. Our life, æsthetically regarded, is not beautiful now. Its materialism is hard and vulgar, and its ethics too often miss the grace that alone makes virtue lovely. But our spirit will not always remain impatient of the subtler charms of life, because those charms will not always be beyond it. We shall cease to be unmerciful in our self-righteous strictures upon those who give time and energy to the pursuits which soften existence for the soul and mind. Of softeners of existence in that sense we do not yet feel the need, hence we now, too often, think the time that goes into them time wasted. Yet it will not always be so. When we have done with building our house we shall sit down and take our pleasure in it. When our material foundations shall have been laid more magnificently than those of any other people ever were laid, when the pillars of them shall have been planted firmly at the four corners of the globe, then we too shall turn our attention to the things that make for civility. —But observe this difference! While the desire to make life a pleasanter thing than it looks in its harsh workaday reality will become diffused amongst us, so

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that even the least endowed—those who in any conceivable human state must always be, in one way or another, the disinherited—will be touched to gentler usages and awakened to a perception, however dim, of better manners and of the things which minister to the sense of beauty, we shall not lose the thread that we have held from ancient days. The Saxon has had the deep intuition of the supernatural, and the especial shade of religious feeling that goes with it, from all time. He has never tried to make the things that belong to the spiritual nature intelligible through the exercise of the imaginative reason. He has not made himself the measure of all things, like the Greek; he has done the contrary thing, he has abased himself, and stood *in fear*, before the Mystery. His, therefore, will not be a higher civilization after the pattern of the Greek's, or the Roman's, or the Italian's, or the Frenchman's higher civilization. Those were, in a large measure, pagan civilizations. The civilization of the Anglo-Saxon is Judæo-Christian! If it be the first world-wide civilization since the fall of Rome, it will also be the first world-wide higher civilization of the Judæo-Christian pattern that the race has known."

From this one is to understand that the æsthetic desires in the Anglo-Saxon civilization, when it shall have reached its fruitage, will be subordinated to the

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ethical aspirations in some mode never yet experienced, some mode which will give the Saxon of the future art so inspired with lofty aim, and a literature so exalted in purpose, as man has never had before.

Well, of this we can know nothing. Certainly the artistic efforts of the Saxon have been strongly imbued hitherto with the ethical spirit. Even in the exceptional instances where art has crept into industry, and which seem to disprove the general judgment that the English and American industrial product is not an artistic one, there has been a directing feeling in the background (a feeling possessed in the typical form by men like William Morris) that the chief value of art was in its ethical use. But that the ethical spirit will always be so powerful as to have this directing influence is an assumption that is made light of by all known precedent; and that a remarkable synthesis of the austere ethics and the (always sensuous) æsthetic development should lie ahead for the Saxon is a dream that scouts all the ascertained laws of the human mind.

There is a further aspect of the antagonism to the social ideal of civilization to be considered.

It has been customary until recently to regard a high standard of living as the most precious possession that a people could have to safeguard its mere bio-

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logical health and continuance. It was an axiom that "only when industry is continually progressive can there be a general elevation of the plane of living coincidently with a growth of population." And again that "the real struggle of progressive communities is to raise the plane of living towards a higher standard for a multiplying population, the growth of which is both contemplated and desired. . . ." Up to a point, it is self-evident that a multiplying population keeps pace with increased well-being. Beyond that point it now appears with growing distinctness that, a fact of purely social import stepping in on top of these facts of physical adaptation, a developed Standard of Comfort tends rather to produce effects in a contrary direction.

The diminishing population of France has led to a careful survey of the land, and no little controversy was aroused when it was found that the most populous districts were not those where the soil was fattest and the population most thrifty and self-respecting, but those where the agricultural yield was poorest, and life most hand-to-mouth, and where aspirations of parents for the advancement of their children were non-existent. In some instances it was sought to explain this phenomenon by physiological causes. The prosperous districts are sometimes those where two of the distinct racial elements of the population live side by side,

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and it is the consequent inter-breeding that has been supposed to account for the district's sterility. This explanation is not upheld by other facts. The evidence points unmistakably to this, rather, that where men begin to fear the buffets of fortune for themselves or their children, they limit voluntarily the number of their offspring. But who are the people who thus shrink pusillanimously from the future? Had the mud floor of an Irish hut ever any lack of children crawling about it? No. It is not the wretchedly poor who fear fate and cheat nature, but the well-to-do.) The small French *rentier* thanks Heaven that he has two or three children only, since he can comfortably provide for no more.

This specifically social cause is the first reason for the present degeneration of the French people; and everything that could be said about it is just as well expressed by the words of Polybius (and Polybius, with his Roman exemplar, was the M. Demolins of that time) on the decay of Hellenism and the depopulation of Greece, twenty-two centuries ago: "For men have turned to ostentation and to love of money and selfishness, so that either they will not marry, or if they do, will not support the children they have beyond one or at most two, whom they can provide for richly and bring up in idle luxury. . . ." We have believed, however, and it has been maintained in every

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key, that the Saxon was free from the menace of a similar degeneration, because he educated his sons and daughters to the self-reliance which made them ready to get their own living anywhere.

In reality, however, the high standard of living is beginning—and it is already perceptible to the statistician—to do, in little, in England what it is doing to such great and disastrous purpose in the country beyond the Channel. Marriages in England tend to grow later. Men hesitate more and more to marry, above a certain class, without an assured and a sufficient income. Women who, before the present era of independence for the sex, might have married young, now marry ten years farther on in age, or not at all. In the United States similar observations may be made. In the second or third generation on American soil families dwindle in numbers. Causes are at work to weaken the biological basis of the race, which are in every direction connected with the high standard of living.)

With opportunities for expansion, for new enterprises of every description, extending before the Anglo-Saxon nations as they do, there is small danger, it is true, of these degenerating factors making their work felt for a long time. Nevertheless, what we are bound to recognize is, that it is not the desire for the social amenities, with whatever luxurious tastes they may in-

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duce, which kills out in a people the courage to face the difficulties of life. There is, amongst Englishmen and Americans, an understanding that this is and must perforce be so. In point of fact men can begin to shirk the difficulties before they come to the social stage of the developed civilization. They can begin when they are quite in the material phase. They can be afraid not always to have the things which make for bodily comfort and respectability, afraid that their children will not always have them, without having gone so far as to prize physical well-being as a stepping-stone toward that "consideration" which brings about multitudinous and stimulating social relationships.

Were it not for these extraordinary material opportunities that lie open to the Saxon peoples, the vitality of the stock would suffer from the unbridled desire for bodily comfort that they evince, and would be seen to suffer, even as the social peoples suffer. It appears to be incontrovertible that a high level of comfort, while it does promote the multiplication of the population up to a given degree, eventually tends to its decrease. What advantage, then, merely from the physiologist's standpoint, has the Saxon desire for bodily comfort over the Latin desire for an æsthetic life? — Desire for desire, one tends to the preservation of the race no more than the other.

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In truth, have we any foundation whatever for the faith that any one group of peoples has had a better chance to learn all the secrets of long life and happiness than another?—The highest spiritual revelations go to isolated individuals. They go to finely-tempered souls, here or there, in this country or in that, indifferently. They can never, by the very nature of such revelations, be passed on to a whole people. The great moral truths descend on the *âmes bien nées* of every time and clime, and the life-philosophy under which they may have lived, and the formative desire which may have lain at the heart of the civilization in the midst of which they were born, are matters of no moment. There is no higher spiritual evolution amongst the men who speak the language of Milton and Bunyan, than amongst those who speak that of Bossuet and Pascal, of Dante and Savonarola, of Dostoïevsky and Tolstoy. The highest moral revelations go to isolated souls without distinction of time, clime, or place; but such souls may bestow a ray from their light upon their fellows; and nations become teachers of fragmentary moral intimations that have thus been handed on to them. Always fragmentary intimations, they need to be supplemented from many other sources before they can serve as a lamp to the feet.

The truthfulness and the fearlessness of the Saxon, even: do they, great and specific qualities of his though

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they be, not need to be supplemented? No men are more truthful in dealing with the *fact* than Americans and Englishmen. But did we find them equally truthful in dealing with the *idea*? — Have they, great as is their respect for concrete justice where the rights of the individual are at stake, the same passionate need of abstract justice as has the Frenchman? Are they so fearless in accepting the logical consequences of ideas, and is it so essential to their ease as to that of the French, to see things on every side, in their mutual relations; that is to say, in the only manner in which they can be seen as they are?

How many times, rather, has one brought up at the conclusion that the very fact which constitutes the tremendous practical power of the Saxon is his inability to see that ideas *have* logical consequences, and that the world expects (though it may be stupid to do so) the action to suit the idea! Not to perceive the line drawn finely between the right and the expedient is in the lower examples of our species a determination that exists everywhere. But in the very best and highest specimens of Anglo-Saxon man the incapacity to see what the inferior order of individual is determined not to see also too often exists. And so we have this extraordinary anomaly: that an Englishman or an American, to whom departures from the truth in accounts of trivial things (that arouse no scruples

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whatever in Greeks, Frenchmen, Italians, Russians) appear in the last degree childish and degrading, will still submit to a confusion of motives and ideas, in which he calls self-interest "duty," that to most of those same reprobated outsiders would wear the unadorned aspect of a lie.

And then there is the stress which the Saxon lays on the superiority of his sexual morality over that of the Latin peoples. When it has been allowed that an active constitution and objective habits of life keep men from many of the more morbid forms of self-indulgence (and so far the Saxon has the advantage), all has been allowed that fairly can be. The true cause of the enormous, and, to the Saxon, abnormal, predominance which the question of the relations of the sexes assumes in the literature of the Mediterranean peoples, is never properly understood by English-speaking men. We must remember here, again, the older, complicated, social civilization. The pas-sional problems mean, under those conditions, what they never can in the Anglo-American life.

Carlyle was of the characteristic opinion that much too much had always been made of such problems, and of the relations of the sexes in general. He did not hesitate to say that they occupied no place amongst the truly significant things of man's destiny. *Le vieux Carlyle est bien détaché!* remarks M. Anatole France.

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And, certainly, Carlyle never found a thinking Latin to agree with him. Renan saw in love "the most evident of man's ties to the universe;" and regretted that philosophy should never seriously have concerned itself with this "strange mystery." Now, Renan, it must be observed, with the blood of Brittany in his veins, was more sentimentally inclined than a Frenchman is commonly; was, indeed, in some of his moods, and modes of expressing them, not unlike a man born on the other side of the Channel. In the persistent, intense preoccupation with sexual love in all its manifestations which has become so characteristic of the Latin group in latter times, there is, however, a note of hardness, of irritated intellectual curiosity, which is as far removed as it well can be from sentimentalism. It is as if what the professional philosophers had not done, the novelists, and poets, and essayists had resolved to do: study the "strange mystery" and pluck out its heart.

Well, it is approached in no such spirit by the writers and thinkers who use the English language. But are they sure that their abstention is always dictated by superior delicacy? Or is it merely that, being entirely sentimental about love, they are, relatively, little tempted to reason curiously about its causes or effects? Its causes are down amongst the blind forces of physical nature; its effects play away through the

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fibres of the social fabric, altering relations, modifying that one most integral thing in the world, personality, vivifying and complicating all human connections, developing new situations, new interests, throwing the light on new facts in your neighbor's soul, generating the atmosphere in which the sensuously beautiful, that child of the emotions, can clothe itself in form and color, word and sound, and put on the body of Art. To feel that the attraction and repulsion of the sexes are chemical forces that govern society, even as do trade-currents, or the laws of production and consumption, perhaps one must belong to the social peoples. The desire, in any case, to render in its fulness that vision of the power which the sexual passion possesses amongst such peoples is no unworthy ambition.

It is true, the fashion set by the intellectual curiosity of perfectly serious men in these directions has, perverted and depraved in its passage through lower minds, bred the pestilence of French and Italian pornographic literature. What then?—To involve the serious men in an equal condemnation with such offenders is to show one of the worst flaws in the critical spirit that Americans and Englishmen have ever displayed. Let us not say that the intellectual curiosity about sexual passion of the Latin peoples is not legitimate because love is no matter of great speculation or sophistication with members of the Anglo-Saxon fam-

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ily. We accept it simply and unreflectively; as chiefly appertaining to the interests of youths and maidens, as being for the age of instinct, rather than for the age of consciousness; and for the time when the nature is a white page, rather than for that when it is enriched by associations and by the reflex action of complicated experiences. But the art and literature of the Mediterranean peoples could not so accept it. They would be false, if they did, to the inmost principle of the life about them, which is scientifically and psychically curious about all phenomena that touch profoundly mankind's emotional evolution.

(In the main the active life will always be the more moral,) because it keeps the individual away from too close a scrutiny of his sensations. And such scrutiny is dangerous, unless the will be strong enough to intellectualize the experience. But the attention to sensation *can* be lifted into a lesson for the intellect. This is the truth which the strongest men of the Latin peoples have apprehended, and which the Anglo-Saxons may one day apprehend too.

One might as well renounce the attempt, it seems, to build up an ethical theory to the purport that what is called the higher intelligence is necessarily death-bringing, and that only the unrationalistic, unæsthetic peoples, with a genius for conduct, can survive.

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They do not survive—with those characteristics. They may be enormously successful for a time, but they bear the seeds of change in them, and their virtues have defects from which humanity seeks continually to escape. As for the fact that, wherever men have departed from strict attention to business, and a Puritanical system of morals, and cared for æsthetic emotions, and for social pleasures, and much curious speculativeness as to how to make life most agreeably livable, they have apparently been stricken by the wrath of heaven, we must believe, in spite of appearances, that there is no supernatural objection to these social and artistic desires, as such, since they seem to be an inevitable step in evolution. At this step the race stumbles, cannot get beyond, keeps turning back to begin the stages of growth all over again. But those, precisely, who believe in man's perfectibility, and the "increasing purpose," should have no difficulty in assuming the eventual surmountability of the obstacle, and hence the marriage of what is now unmarrriageable, the sense of conduct and the pride of life. Before them the laws of the human body and mind, as we now know them, will have been altered, and the Anglo-Saxon's day will long since have been done.

The ethics of the Saxon are no higher, in the essence, than the ethics of his neighbors; they are only different as regards the distribution of masses; the pro-

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portions vary ; some qualities tip the beam on one, some on the other, side. We cannot mark off a distance between the peoples who submit to the harshness of the natural conditions of life with a religious feeling that such conditions are not to be explained but must be made the best of uncomplainingly, as they exist, and those other peoples, such as the Greeks of old and the Latin peoples to-day, in whom the reverential acceptance of the struggle of living was, and is, feeble, and who sought, and do seek, to shirk it in part, and in part to transmute it (always by intellectual speculation, which breeds scepticisms, and æsthetic curiosity, which leads to high stimulation of the emotions) into something softer to the senses and sunnier to the imagination. We cannot mark off a distance between them, for each group has its own exceeding great virtues, and, furthermore, the hardy obtuseness to such solicitations of the imagination and the senses is seen to be largely a matter of historical development. Every great people has begun by manifesting some of this hardness ; almost all great peoples have ended by not manifesting it. We cannot say that there are chosen peoples, therefore, except as they may be chosen for an hour, a day, a passing phase of the world.

But that hour, that day, that passing phase, is a hard one for the nations that are not amongst the chosen ! That species of hypostasis, of idealization and glorifi-

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cation of his attributes, which has made the Saxon come to think himself so superior to all the world, profitable to himself, works to sorry purpose elsewhere. The endeavor to adopt the mode of life which is of the actuality, which is modern and desirable, a source of material success, is to the peoples of the Latin civilization only a cause of internal cataclysms. A veil seems all too often to be over their eyes which prevents them from seeing what is good in the new economic type of existence, and rejecting what is evil. Anglo-American economic ideals are, so far as has yet appeared, productive to the Mediterranean peoples of nothing much but harm. While French and Italian moralists are urging the adoption of Anglo-American energy and self-reliance, the English adoration of material comfort, the American love of costly expenditure and showy luxury, are being adopted very much faster in France and Italy, and without any urging whatever.

No one can fail to perceive that the ravages of the capitalistic spirit are so frightful in the Latin societies that whatever Teutonic societies may know of the same sort pales into insignificance. Other forces counteract the virus in societies built, like the Anglo-Saxon, on the economic principles. There is nothing to arrest the degenerating influence in a society built up on the social desires. The greed of colossal fortunes, pouring in on the speculator while

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he sleeps, after the fashion supposed to be invariable with American fortunes, is subverting the healthiest habits of indigenous Latin thought, habits which, as the moralists ought to perceive, are far safer for the Latin peoples than those engendered by the rage for sudden and unmeasured wealth.

When we see priceless collections, picture galleries, palaces, gardens, treasures of art, which represent the traditions of a century-old, sumptuous past of civility, scattered, sacrificed, razed, torn up, to enable young Latin noblemen to vie in the life of the boulevards and the clubs with American *parvenus*, we have, though the spectacle is neither very interesting nor inspiring, a typical instance of the main effect of the modern economic conditions on the men of the Græco-Latin civilization. Where notions of the clean, strong Anglo-Saxon physical training, of the independent, active, adventurous life, form one stalwart young French explorer, one hardy Italian climber of high mountains, the lust of much money to be spent on all the changing material caprices that may flit through the brain of an American millionaire forms a thousand Latin social adventurers, emptied of every ideal which gave dignity to their past, and hanging like leeches to a new state in whose energy they cannot partake, and to whose initiative their limp will can contribute nothing. Even the American *parvenu* has, by some intui-

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tion, a better idea of values. He buys in the pictures and the collections, and accounts, in his inmost soul, the fellow cheap who is so eager to part with them in exchange for the things that *parvenus* hold most dear. The vices of the contemporary industrial period spread much more easily than its virtues; and their workings in the countries whose past has not fitted them for the typically economic life are tragic and terrible. Something of the same demoralization is perceptible in those countries as that which disintegrates a savage people in contact with a civilized one.

The process is probably inevitable. To object to it may be as logical a procedure as that of those English and Americans who, after pressing on Italian towns the advisability of sanitary improvements, present petitions, in a body, to the municipality, to stop the destruction of archæological treasures, which destruction has been rendered necessary by the very improvements that they themselves had recommended.

All this may be beyond human power or wisdom to check or adjust. The outside world looks on at the throes which convulse the peoples of the classic civilization that swayed mankind before the Anglo-Saxon came on the scene, and understands little of their cause. It cannot feel the passion that tears those Latin men who still believe that the old order is best, and who see with bitter abhorrence the encroachments

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of an alien spirit, a spirit which they know to be profoundly antagonistic to the things that they have loved, the things that once made their country great. Under the ready following after the fashion of the new economic epoch, there is a revolt of the ground-rooted, secular desires, the different desires, the desires of populations which are not primarily lovers of the Standard of Comfort, but primarily lovers of the finished social life. And it bursts forth in volcanic upheavals of the inner soul of the Mediterranean peoples which leave the newer peoples astounded, at a loss for an explanation.

Amongst the French, of all peoples the most conscious of the phenomena of life, of where they are going, and of the springs which make them act, the struggle is acutest. On the one hand, a violent effort to eject the power of modern capitalism, with all that it implies, the modern capitalism that is so subversive of the fundamental ideas on which the Latin civilization is erected; on the other hand, an equally violent effort to acclimatize it; this it is that rends that intellectual people to-day. It is the hurtling of different ideals, one against the other. Waves of anti-semitism, which are blind protests against the methods and consequences of modern capitalism, concentrating on the race to whom modern capitalism is chiefly due, may bear a different look when viewed as such, than when,

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falsely, viewed as spasms of religious intolerance. What the modern world really seeks, under an impossible economic equality, is social equality. But it is not to be forgotten that only one half of the race has ever believed that economic and social advantages went together. The other has groped after the proposition that the abstract principle of sociality had nothing to do with the economic condition, and that the only escape from this blind-alley, that the spread of luxury means vital degeneracy, is, precisely, the social ideal, rightly understood. Lovers of luxury though they be, some Frenchmen, and of the most essentially French, do not want to be too rich, would rather not succeed in the modern, industrial, capitalistic sense, which means not caring *how* success is got, or what æsthetic figure one makes in getting it. Such success is too cheap in itself to pay that price for it. They do care for the æsthetic figure they make. They back it as amongst the things that count eternally. Let the other peoples take their riches, let them be at ease and laugh loudly and spread their wings and make a great noise and overrun the earth. It will not signify. "May they let us alone to pursue our own way, and the better things that interest us!"

That is the voice of the conservative element of the Mediterranean civilization. Will it be, in time, quite silenced? Or will it find new tones, and make

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itself heard in fresh constructive accents?—To no question will ever the answer have been more absorbing. Will the advocates of the New Civilization *à outrance*, who would pour the new wine into old bottles, have their way? Or will the mental power which still keeps the Latin peoples at the front of the world's ranks, which makes the French say proudly that they are initiators, not imitators, and which notably in the fields of sociological and psychic exploration is making daily contributions of the first importance to the world's thought, find some extraordinary synthesis, some method of retaining a part of the old while taking a part of the new, which will enable their civilization to hold together, and to withstand the danger of dissolution which threatens it?

There is a task, indeed, for the Latin genius, for its scientists, its philosophers, and its statesmen! It is not for aliens to tell these men where the elements are, in their own peoples, out of which a national continuance of a healthy, harmonious sort, might come. They should know the spots on which a new sprig may boldly be grafted, and those where to prune is to bleed the life-blood away. But whatever the end may be for them, this is certain: they will not be helped by thinking of the Anglo-Saxon ideals as absolute. They are not this. Like all things else in time and nature, they are only relative.



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The Merrymount Press
Boston

